

The Critic

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Kun Hua Ko.

(The Late Professor of Chinese at Harvard University.)

A SORROW has really fallen upon the community of Cambridge in the death of one who came to them, a little more than two years ago, not only as a stranger, but as an alien to the civilization and history of the West. This stranger was Kun Hua Ko, late Professor of the Chinese Language at Harvard University. I remember when the endowment of this chair at the University appeared to the outside world in a humorous light. We pictured to ourselves the incongruous consorting of this pig-tailed and petticoated individual with the conventional figures of the other professors. We wondered whether he could hope to have any pupils, and heard with interest of the single meritorious learner who, it was said, came at regular intervals from a neighboring state to receive his tuition.

I first met the late Professor at the house of some Boston friends who had been among the first to show him kindness and hospitality. The occasion was one of those afternoon teas which have now become a fixed institution here and elsewhere. The Professor was richly attired in blue satin, and had brought with him two of his sons, children of ten and twelve years, attired like him in Chinese fashion. This was in mid-winter, and the rubber boots which the children wore looked much out of keeping with the rest of their costume. They were pretty little creatures, with a skin like creamy satin, and bead-like eyes, curiously set and opened. Professor Ko's command of English at that time was very limited, but I managed, over a cup of tea, to make him understand a question or two concerning the study of philosophy as prosecuted in China. In doing so, I mentioned the name of Confucius. 'Yes,' he said, 'Confutzee is good,' and presently he said: 'Buddha—my wife don't like Buddha. Ladies not like Buddha.' This remark was made with a certain emphasis, but I could get no explanation of it from the Professor. I have since supposed that he had in his mind at the time that part of Buddha's doctrines which makes the female element everywhere the representative of the principle of evil. On another occasion I asked him if he ever went to the theatre. He replied: 'Yes; ship, sing, good.' 'Pinafore?' I suggested. He nodded assent. Apropos of music, I remember an evening concert at a private house, in which he good-naturedly took part. The other performances were of a highly classical character, and the transition from the broad German harmonies to the thin high voice of the Oriental, and his (to us) uncanny use of it, was so strange as easily to provoke laughter. I myself, despite a struggle against it, was guilty of this offense. Nothing, however, disturbed the equanimity of the Professor. Having recovered my gravity, I went to thank him for his song. He said: 'Yes; about a flower.'

In the summer of 1880, having occasion to deliver a lecture at the Concord School of Philosophy, I was surprised to see among my hearers the sweet, sedate face of Kun Hua Ko. After the

lecture he came to speak with me, and I asked whether he had been able to understand what I had said. He replied sententiously: 'Some things.' After this, I have been told, he used to speak of me as 'the philosopher lady.'

The Professor naturally appeared among other college dignitaries at the first performance of the Greek play in Saunders' Theatre. A central place had been assigned him in the front row of seats. He was resplendent as usual, and appeared to take great interest in the performance. Beside him sat his wife, whom I then saw for the first time. Of her dress I can only remember a golden diadem of beautiful workmanship, which crowned becomingly the heavy braids of her lustrous black hair. One or two of their children were with them. What contrasts were in this meeting! The China to which Greece was young—the America to which Greece was antiquity itself! I heard afterwards that Mme. Ko had greatly enjoyed the music, and in particular that of the wind instruments.

My last view of the Professor was at one of Mr. Drew's lectures on China, lately given at the Lowell Institute. This lecture treated of the Chinese language and its various dialects. The theme was illustrated by the help of several carefully prepared tables, in which the characters were of colossal size. The speaker, a very able and interesting one, acknowledged his indebtedness to Professor Ko for aid in preparing these charts. As we passed out of the hall, I had the pleasure of a shake-hands with Professor Ko, which I now recall as a farewell greeting.

From these reminiscences I pass to a more recent one. It is little more than a fortnight since the obsequies of this esteemed man were held in the chapel of Harvard College. The occasion was one of mournful interest, and the severe organ playing of Mr. John K. Paine aptly preluded the entrance of the funeral procession, at which all present rose. The casket was carried by two men. Upon it rested the gala cap and official necklace of the deceased. The cap was trimmed with dark fur. The necklace was of precious beads, among which some beautiful jades were conspicuous. The remains were followed by President Eliot, with whom walked the eldest son of the deceased, clad in a simple white robe and cap, such being the mourning garb of the Chinese. Mr. Drew walked next, and beside him a mandarin who resides, we were told, in New Haven. The sight of the slender stripling, who was, on this occasion, the sole representative of the disconsolate family, caused many eyes to overflow with tears. The officiating clergyman of the occasion was the Rev. C. C. Everett, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School. This gentleman spoke with much feeling of the estimable traits of Professor Ko, of his profound learning, amiable manners, and child-like simplicity. He described the Professor as he had often seen him, walking with his children on Sundays, and reading as he walked, in Oriental fashion. After speaking of the man, Mr. Everett proceeded to characterize the system of ethics by which his life had been governed, and to extol the beauty of the maxims of Confucius. He said that while Christians rightly hold to the superiority of Christianity over all other religions, it yet remains true that very few Christians live up to the ethical standard of the Chinese sage. In attestation of this, he read a number of passages from one of the religious books of the Chinese, in which are preserved the sayings of Confucius and of Mencius, reading also some kindred passages from the New Testament. This kindly bringing together of religious thoughts gathered from sources so widely remote from each other was most satisfactory, and its effect was not diminished by the singing of a noble hymn of Mr. Whittier's:—

'Sometimes there dawn upon our sight,'

I have already transgressed the limits allotted me; yet let me further say that these services led me to consider this question: 'How shall we best carry out this beautiful affiliation between the Christian and the Confucian ethics?' Shall we allow the passionate prejudice of the ignorant proletariat to exclude the Chinaman from the country in which his varied and faithful service is so much needed? Would that some knowledge of the sweet sentences read by Mr. Everett at Appleton Chapel might have power to stay the discordant and tyrannical intentions which at this moment threaten to express themselves in American legislation! However this may be, the grave which awaits our lamented friend in his own country should bear above it a palm of victory. For it was his to draw the first furrow in a new field of public instruction. May the work already done by him bear fruit in a better understanding, a more confiding and generous friendship, between the oldest civilization on earth and the newest!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Literature

Southey's Correspondence.*

ANOTHER volume of entertaining letters—the correspondence between Robert Southey and Caroline Bowles, who became the second wife of the English laureate. These letters were not written to be printed, but Southey consented to their publication at a proper time after his death, saying, 'there is nothing in them which might not be seen by men and angels.' The introduction to this volume, which is published in the Dublin University Press Series, is written by Mr. Edward Dowden, who paints a charming picture of Caroline Bowles, first as a child and then as a young woman. He got the materials for this sketch, he tells us, from her autobiographical poem, 'The Birthday.' Miss Bowles began the correspondence which is given in this book by writing to Southey for advice in the matter of publishing a poem she had just completed. Though he had probably received scores of similar appeals, he replied to this one graciously and at length. His letter did not encourage her to hope for the publication of the poem, but he read the MS. and submitted it to Murray, who declined it. The correspondence thus begun was pleasantly continued; and the reader will observe how Southey's closing lines warm up, with the flight of years, from 'Yours, with sincere regard,' to 'Dear friend, God bless you.' The interest in these letters lies in the freedom of Southey's comments on his contemporaries. Byron and Shelley he calls 'miserable men . . . both so gifted—and so guilty.' 'I know a good deal of his [Shelley's] accursed history,' he says; and a short correspondence between Southey and the author of 'Queen Mab' is given in an appendix. Shelley was disposed to like the laureate, and sent him a copy of 'Alastor,' his first important poem, which he told him was the 'product of a few serene hours of the last beautiful autumn,' and his 'first serious attempt to interest the best feelings of the human heart.' How Southey received this gift, with its accompanying complimentary letter, we have no means of knowing, for the next epistles in this correspondence are rather belligerent than friendly. Shelley writes to know if Southey wrote a severe criticism of the 'Revolt of Islam,' which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*. Southey replies that he did not, and adds that he has read nothing of Shelley's since 'Alastor,' except some extracts quoted in the newspapers and reviews; 'and these specimens,' he writes, 'have confirmed my opinion that your powers for poetry are of a high order, but the manner in which those powers have been employed is such as to prevent me from feeling any desire to see more of productions so monstrous in their kind and so pernicious in their tendency.' To this Shelley replies, not, perhaps, so fiercely, but quite as decidedly. He wants to know if Southey is—

'such a pure one as Jesus Christ found not in all Judea to throw the first stone against the woman taken in adultery . . . You select a single passage out of a life otherwise not only spotless but spent in an impassioned pursuit of virtue, which looks like a blot merely because I regulated my domestic arrangements without deferring to the notions of the vulgar, although I might have done so quite as conveniently had I descended to their base thoughts—this you call *guilt*.'

Southey seized his pen to answer this defense. He rehearsed the incidents of Shelley's life and expressed his disapprobation of them. 'And here, sir,' he writes, 'our correspondence must end.' But he hopes that a time will come when Shelley will remember him, 'as an earnest monitor,' whom he 'cannot suspect of ill-will, and whom it is not in his power to despise, however much he 'may wish to repel his admonitions with contempt.' This apparently ends the controversy. In a letter to Leigh Hunt, dated two years after this crossing of swords with Southey, Shelley says: 'I began once a satire upon satire, which I meant to be very severe; it was full of *small knives*, in the use of which practice would have made me very perfect.' This fragment is now given for the first time, and one of these 'small knives' cuts deeply into Southey's flesh:

'If Satire's scourge could wake the slumbering hounds
Of conscience, or erase the deeper wounds,
The leprous scars of callous infamy;
If it could make the present not to be,
Or charm the dark past never to have been,
Or turn regret to hope; who that has seen
What Southey is and was, would not exclaim
Lash on! be the keen verse dipped in flame;
Follow his flight with winged words and urge
The strokes of the inexorable scourge

* The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles: to which are added correspondence with Shelley, and Southey's 'Dreams.' Edited, with an introduction, by Edward Dowden. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Until the heart be naked, till his soul
See the contagion's spots foul;
I will only say,
If any friend would take Southey some day,
And tell him, in a country walk alone,
Softening harsh words with friendship's gentle tone,
How incorrect his public conduct is,
And what men think of it, 'twere not amiss.
Far better than to make innocent ink!—

And here it breaks off, before we know what would be better than to make innocent ink.

Southey was very indignant at the tone of Moore's 'Life of Byron,' and more so at Campbell's defence of Lady Byron, which he calls 'rant.' 'So heartless, so empty, so vaporing a composition never came in my way before. It might have been written by an Irish fortune-hunter, impudent enough to have formed a scheme for marrying Lady Byron, and fool enough to think the best way of succeeding in it would be to get into a quarrel as her volunteer champion, and perhaps receive a challenge.' Southey is bitter in his denunciation of Byron's poems, and speaks of Murray's 'sin' as being 'great enough, in publishing those works of Lord Byron's, which very many persons would have been ashamed to have seen in their possession before they appeared in this edition.'

Poor Mary Wollstonecraft seems to have excited Southey's pity. 'She was a delightful woman,' he writes, 'and in better times or in better hands would have been an excellent one.' It is singular that Walter Savage Landor, a man in many ways so different from Southey, should have been so sincerely admired by him. 'He is yet, of all men living, the one with whom I feel the most entire and cordial sympathy in heart and mind; were I a single man, I should think the pleasure of a week's abode with him cheaply purchased by a journey to Florence, though, pilgrim-like, that journey should be performed on foot.'—It is singular again that Southey, with all his squeamishness, should have so much admired Maria del Occidente's poem 'Zophiel.' He writes to Miss Bowles:

'An American lady is lodging in Keswick, who introduced herself to me five or six years ago, by two little volumes of poetry, and by a most wild letter—certainly the strangest letter I ever received. . . . Her name is Mrs. Brooks. She was betrothed to an old man at the age of fourteen and married him at sixteen! . . . She is a very mild and pleasing woman, to our utter astonishment at finding her so, as it would be to you, had you seen her letter. Her poem is very fanciful, and, on the whole, beautifully written.'

The poem was left with Southey to get a publisher for it. He writes that it would in some cases 'require cooling,' and he feels a 'delicate embarrassment' at the situation. The poet has great sympathy with Mrs. Brooks's unhappy story. When she sailed for America he was suspicious that there was a 'little flightiness about her'; her eyes 'had an expression that looked that way.' In another letter he says of her poem 'Zophiel': 'I have never seen a more passionate work, rarely one so imaginative and original. There is a song ["Day in Melting Purple dying"] in the last canto, which in its kind is as good as Sappho's famous ode has been thought to be.' Miss Bowles, to whom all this was written, read the poem and replied that she thought 'neither Moore nor Byron had ever written anything so impassioned as "Zophiel," or, I could almost add, more licentious.' And she asked, if Southey 'had effected a refrigerating process, for Heaven's sake at what degree of temperature did it stand previously?' To this Southey replies: 'The licentiousness is in the subject, and is, as it were, so rarified and sublimed (not to say spiritualized) by the imaginative manner in which the whole story is treated that it is quite harmless.'

Samuel Rogers said to Southey of Isaac D'Israeli: 'There's a man with only half an intellect who writes works that must live.' Of Sir Walter Scott in his old age, Southey says: 'Poor Sir Walter is in so pitiable and hopeless a state that his release is wished for by those who love him best. . . . He wrote a great deal in Italy and sent it home for publication, but it was found to bear such marks of decay that this was impossible.' Of Robert Montgomery: 'He is a fine young man, who has been wickedly puffed and wickedly abused, and who is in no little danger of being spoiled by forcing.' Of Goethe: 'There is, perhaps, no other writer with whom I find myself so often, both in sympathy and in dissymphony.' Hannah More is called 'Holy Hannah,' 'whose great abilities, and excellent intentions, and wonderful exertions I admire and reverence heartily. . . . But I never should have loved her. She was born with a birch-rod in her hand, and worst of all was a shameless flatterer, and insatiable of flattery.' He shows a childish annoyance at the non-appearance of his name in Hannah More's life. This astonishes him, as he 'dined with

her at Cowslip Hall, and called upon her at Bath, in the winter of the same year.' Notwithstanding all he says of Hannah More, he liked her 'much better than Mrs. Barbauld,' who was as 'cold as her creed;' or Miss Lucy Aiken, who was as 'pert as a pear-monger.'—One can feel more sympathy with Southey in his estimate of Maria del Occidente's poetry, than in his apparently patronizing treatment of a young woman of far greater powers, who once solicited his advice: 'I sent a dose of cooling admonition to the poor girl, whose flighty letter reached me at Buckland. It was well taken, and she thanked me for it. It seems she is the eldest daughter of a clergyman, has been expensively educated, and is laudably employed as a governess in some private family.' The 'poor girl' was Charlotte Brontë. Her 'flighty letter' contained, perhaps, less fulsome flattery than might have been embodied in a poor governess's address to a laureate.

"John Eax, and Mamelon."*

THESE are two stories, the general location of which is in the Carolinas, during the reconstruction era. The author sought in them to reproduce certain qualities of Southern character and one or two aspects of Southern life. When he wrote them he was fresh from contact with the people, possessed of a quick, active, resolute spirit, evidently saw much, and drew rapid conclusions. Two qualities of the southern spirit are prominent in all his stories: pride—narrow, and groundless in right reason—and the implacability of the old Bourbon element. This pride is made apparent in both of these new tales; the implacability mainly in 'John Eax.' John Eax was originally a De Jeunette—a family of 'Huguenot extraction, sufficient wealth, and an absolute power to bind or loose, kill or make alive'—one of the princely families which the system of slavery built up, and strengthened. It might have rivals, but would admit no superiors. 'To be a De Jeunette was enough.' To live within the De Jeunette atmosphere was to dwell among the elect. Below, there was 'but a choice of tainted fish to the De Jeunette nostril;' and to marry down from the De Jeunette elevation was the unpardonable sin. The pride of this illustrious family is painted in strong colors; yet the hero of the tale was a De Jeunette, and dared to fall in love with the niece of his father's overseer. Alice Bain was 'slight as a fairy, with a wealth of soft brown hair that caught the sunbeams in its coils and stole their golden glinting; with tender, shrinking eyes of changing blue, and lips that invited the tale of love before her tongue could have syllabled its alphabet.' Young De Jeunette persisted in marrying her, although it had been tacitly understood that one of his cousins, 'the queen of the De Jeunettes, the black-eyed, heavy-browed, ruby-lipped Louise of Belmont,' was to be his bride. The queenly beauty loved him. 'The great dark eyes lost their haughtiness and became soft and tender' when they looked into his. The events of the young lover's growing tenderness for Alice Bain, his rapid wooing of her, the subsequent storm at home with mother and father, the fury of the brothers of the black-eyed beauty, their efforts to 'make it hot' for the lover by peculiar southern methods, with the result thereof, are told with dramatic effect.

Judge Tourgee possesses a vigorous style, dashes on rapidly with events, and his pictures of men and grouping of scenery are intensely realistic. The incidents are by no means novel in their character. There is hardly a situation which may not be found in dozens of novels. Neither is the plot complex; but the rapidity and vividness of the action keep the reader awake. He finds himself within the track of a storm wind, for the time being, and perhaps hardly stays to consider the consistency of the parts of the story. If he did, he would probably wonder at the rapid change in Louise De Jeunette's mood in the midnight scene with the hero, where she strikes the young man in the face with her whip one minute and falls on his breast the next, initiating a truly lovely championship of him and his course for all time. For the haughty black-eyed beauty, with the pride of the De Jeunettes, this requires some explanation. It is hardly enough to say that such a change of mood was possible. An author is surely bound to show that under the circumstances it was probable. A similar inconsistency would have to be noted later on, when the hero returns from the north-west, a major-general in the victorious Union armies, and finds the fortunes of the De Jeunettes low, but the pride of the black-eyed beauty as high as ever. He

brings his sympathy, and a cheque for certain expenses she has incurred on his account, and has little else to offer her. She rejects the cheque, but falls into the major-general's arms, when he renews the tender with the additional incumbrance of himself—for he is now a widower, and Alice Bain has vanished. The rapidity of the beauty's fluctuations of mood are scarcely accounted for. One would not deny the liquefying power of love even on the granitic pride of a De Jeunette, but the exacting reader expects a view of the process, and wants to see the chemical elements.

The second story, located also in the Carolinas, but told in the Floridas, by a charming person—a small, lithe woman—to a bevy of rusticated school girls, gives us rather the personal pride of the same haughty kind of people. The movement of the story is slower, and the author lingers pleasantly over the minor details. The unusual social disturbance that existed during the reconstruction era, the overturning of fortunes, the rearrangement of industrial life, the opening up of new sources, socially and economically—these things are told in detail to this bevy of young ladies. The story is entertaining and bright, and only metaphorically bloody. There is, indeed, very little in it to curdle the juices of life. It bears on its face evidence of its truth to a phase of southern life, and has in the details of the plot more consecutiveness, and less straining of the realities. Although a good-hearted professor is at hand in the nick of time, with a large cheque in his pocket, it seems not an unnatural thing for those days when northern enterprise disdained small figures in the ledger account. If one must mention faults in so happy a sketch of love and self-sacrifice, one might be inclined to wonder why this lovely lady—with her 'rich, warm complexion,' her 'wealth of soft brown hair,' her 'arched eyebrows, dimpled chin and cheeks whose tender glow seemed to bid defiance to time,'—sitting with a 'group of merry girls,' in 'reckless abandon on a sunny back veranda of a Florida hotel,' should be giving them such a minute account of Carolina swamp timber and the establishment of sawmills. But the recital is entertaining all the same, and one gets used to Judge Tourgee's 'leaking information' in the intervals of dramatic action.

Indian Buddhism.*

MR. DAVIDS is already well known to students through his excellent manual of Buddhism, which, in a small space, contains the best short account of the life and teachings of Gautama now extant; he is a good Pāli scholar, and his long residence in Ceylon while a member of the civil service has left him a fine and intimate appreciation of the Buddhist mode of thought which is not to be acquired save by personal converse. It could therefore be predicted that when he undertook to deliver a course of Hibbert lectures on Buddhism in its relation to the growth of religion he would have something worth hearing to say. This result is now before us in a volume which, though not exactly of the kind to be read independently, is full of interest to the student of religious history. The most interesting of these lectures, in so far as it contains something not to be found elsewhere in so good a shape, is the third, which treats of the Buddhist theory of Karma. In order to appreciate the importance of the doctrines here expounded it must be remembered that at the time of Gautama's reform, the main religious dogma on which Hindus were agreed, was the belief in the transmigration of souls. To the melancholy temperament of the nation this feeling of bondage to the future as well as to the past was a burden too heavy to bear; for people really believed, in those days, and their daily lives were strongly influenced by their faith. There was no escape from the interminable round of existences, or at best but a temporary respite from re-birth could be hoped for. Then appeared Gautama, who, like Christ, offered rest to those who would follow him. The pre-Buddhists seem indeed to have believed it theoretically possible for a man to acquire the true knowledge of God in life and so be united with the divine essence after death; but the path was too difficult for the multitude. Now, according to Mr. Davids, Gautama did not teach the transmigration of souls himself; he found the belief existing and he taught something much more like a transmigration of character, under the name of 'the theory of Karma.' Karma means 'action,' and the teaching of Gautama was to the effect that after the death of any being, man or animal, nothing survived but the result of that being's actions during life,

* John Eax, and Mamelon: or, The South Without a Shadow. By Albion W. Tourgee, LL.D. 31. New York: Forts, Howard, and Hulbert.

* Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by some Points in the History of Indian Buddhism. By T. W. Rhys Davids. 3s. 3d. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and that, in the author's own words, 'every individual, whether human or divine, is the last inheritor and the last result of the Karma of a long series of past individuals.' Without doubt the question which it is most important to answer in an inquiry concerning Buddhism is that which asks simply, 'does Buddhism teach a belief in the soul in any way similar to the Christian belief, or does it not?' But this is the very question which no writer has yet settled, either to his own satisfaction or to that of his readers; it is still a moot point whether Gautama was in reality a Gnostic or an Agnostic, and Mr. Davids has done little to solve the problem. The passage just quoted, and the context, would seem alone sufficient to show that our animism has no place in the pure Buddhist doctrine, but the author speaks elsewhere somewhat loosely about the future state, and condemns those who think that 'Nirvāna' means the extinction of the soul.

Apart from this slight vagueness concerning the doctrine of immortality, which seems common to all writers on Buddhism, there is much in Mr. David's book which has a very real value. The last lecture, on 'Individuality,' is singularly clear and free from bias. The great principle of Buddhist transcendentalism, and we may add, of much of the oriental philosophy, that there is no fundamental difference or distinction between gods, men, plants, and animals, is clearly and vigorously explained, and the author closes his course fitly enough by remarking on the fact that the religion which has the most adherents in the world, while it must seem to Christians a hopeless and depressing faith, nevertheless contains elements of pure moral beauty of the most elevated kind. It is indeed a high conception that we should, even without the hope of future reward, be good and true,

'Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

Sir Theodore Martin's "Horace."*

THE first remark one is inclined to make on examining this book, is that there has been great want of candor, not to use a harsher term, in the way in which it has been announced. Nowhere in any advertisement that we have seen, and certainly nowhere in the book itself, is there any warning that it is not new, or at least that full a quarter of it has been published for ten years; yet such is the fact. The life of Horace which fills 187 of the 373 pages of the first volume, and which is thus one quarter of the whole book, is a reprint almost *verbatim* of the sketch of Horace's career contributed by Sir Theodore (then Mr.) Martin, to the series of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers.' There have been a few excisions and a few additions, not amounting altogether to a tenth of the whole; even the preface of the earlier biography reappears as a postscript to the later life. The sketch of the life and times of the Roman lyricist is admirable—full of skilful touches, and as interesting as it is instructive—and we are glad to read it again, revised and annotated; but surely it would have been more straightforward to have announced that it was a revision and not have let us delude ourselves with the vain hope of a new and ampler biography. Here, however, fault-finding may end. Sir Theodore Martin's two volumes are heartily welcome, none the less so because the life and not a few of the translations are old friends. To say that this translation is on the whole the best in the language, would not be saying too much: certainly it is the translation most in accord with modern requirements. There is no attempt to imitate the lyric metres which Horace borrowed from the Greek; wisely has the translator sought the native English metres which would best reproduce the effect of each poem. In all cases he has tried to render the spirit rather than the form of the original. Generally he has been successful, and 'the humor, sagacity, and capricious pathos,' which Carlyle considered as the chief characteristics of Horace's poems, are all presented aptly and adroitly. Of course this translation pales before Thackeray's free retelling of 'Persicos odi' as 'Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,' or the marvelously accurate version of 'Vitas Hinnuleo,' made by Mr. Austin Dobson in the form of a roundel, 'You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy.' It is in giving a lyric lilt to his verse that Sir Theodore Martin is least happy; it is in this very gift that Mr. Austin Dobson is happiest. It may not be out of place here to note that it was a chapter of the 'Ancient Classic' volume which suggested to Mr. Dobson his 'To Q. H. F.', in which the poet remarks how

much there is in the old Roman poet of what has been termed 'contemporaneous human interest'; all the types that Horace cast serve the poets of our day—

'Who will may trace
Behind the new each elder face,
Defined as clearly;
Science proceeds, and man stands still;
Our "World" to-day's as good or ill,—
As cultured (nearly),
As yours was, Horace! You alone,
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.'

It is, however, obviously unfair to expect that the general level of Sir Theodore Martin's translation shall be equal to the special excellence attained now and again by poets who are moved by some sympathy of the moment to make a single translation which is almost as much the result of inspiration as the original poem. As a translation of all the works of Horace we have already said that Sir Theodore Martin's has perhaps no superior. But there can be no doubt of its inferiority to such a translation as might be made by picking out the best versions of single poems—Ben Jonson's, Dryden's, Conington's, Sir Theodore Martin's, and Mr. Austin Dobson's. For the Tauchnitz series of English translations from German authors, the daughter of Ferdinand Freiligrath prepared a volume of her father's poems. The best of them—and she chose only those of proved popularity—had nearly all been translated, many of them two or three times over. With all these translations before her, Fräulein Freiligrath's task was easy. She chose the best existing version of every selected poem and herself rendered into English only those which had not been translated or of which the translation was unsatisfactory. The result of her wise labor is that Freiligrath is more adequately represented in English than any German poet of our times. This eclectic method of editing the translations of a poet's works we should like to see applied to Horace. And not to Horace alone but to Béranger and to Heine, both lyricists like him and both having suffered much at the hands of clumsy and thick-fingered translators. If such an edition of Horace is ever made, the present volumes of Sir Theodore Martin would furnish many a page, chosen rather from the satires, it may be, than from among the odes; for it is in the satires, it seems to us, that the biographer of the Prince Consort is most successful.

Greek and English Education.*

VERY pleasant to read, but somewhat desultory and unsatisfactory in its arguments, is Mr. Mahaffy's contribution to the Education Library, edited by Philip Magnus. No one knows, as he knows, how to conjure up life in Greece during the classic times. His facile and well-trained pen takes up point after point with charming zest and presents a new fact as only he can present it who enjoys the task to which he has been called. From infancy to university life, through the children's schools and 'gymnasias,' he pursues the young Athenian, and offers a pretty complete outline of what old Greek education must have been at Athens, and in other Greek cities noted for learning. The main method of realizing to persons of to-day the scene as it actually was consists in drawing comparisons between then and now. It is in the course of such comparisons that Mr. Mahaffy strains the picture. If the little book were intended for English readers alone, there were no great objection to his occasional small hymns in praise of English schools and universities, his off-hand allusions to the perfection of culture attainable at Oxford and Cambridge, and his earnest admiration of the physical side of English school life. American colleges are by some people thought to err in encouraging athletics too much, and the English preparatory schools and universities fall under censure for the same reason. Mr. Mahaffy's little treatise will show them that a very clever instructor and writer puts as much stress on this feature of college life as on anything else. But since the treatise is mainly addressed to American readers and is likely, owing to its brightness and real merit, its absolute usefulness as an adjunct to high-school and college reading, to have a wide sweep in this country, it is of the highest importance that the inferences continually drawn by Mr. Mahaffy in regard to English schools should have careful consideration. For America sends her annual thousands and will soon send her tens-of-thousands to Europe for partial education. At one time it was more the custom than it is now to send boys to

* The Works of Horace. Translated into English verse, with a Life and Notes. By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. 2 vols. \$8.40. New York: Scribner & Welford.

* Old Greek Education. By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A. (Education Library.) 72 c's. New York: Harper & Brothers.

English schools and colleges. At present the only people who send their sons are the minority that have theories about social rank rather than mental improvement. But if it is as Mr. Mahaffy would have us believe—if the English schools and colleges are so remarkably superior to those of other European nations, the current has been misdirected and the astute American has overreached himself. Instead of getting the best, he has been getting the second-best. Instead of sending boys to Germany, France, Austria, or the Netherlands, to be grounded in the professions or to finish their educations, we should send them to Oxford or Cambridge, to learn the last scientific thing in strokes, and the truly correct and gentlemanly method of riding to cover. As if Mr. Mahaffy were quite aware that German schools are the most serious rivals, he says, speaking of the physical development of the Greek youth:

This feature, which excites the admiration of modern Germans, and has given rise to an immense literature, is doubtless all the more essential now that the mental training of our boys has become so much more trying; and we can quite feel, when we look at the physical development of ordinary foreigners, how keenly they must envy the freedom of limb and ease of motion, not only as we see it suggested by Greek statues, but as we have it before us in the ordinary sporting Englishmen. But it is quite in accordance with their want of practical development, that while they write immense books about the physical training of the Greeks, and the possibility of imitating it in modern education, they seem quite ignorant of that side of English education at our public schools; and yet there they might see in practice a physical education in no way inferior to that described in classical authors. I say it quite deliberately—the public school-boy who is trained in cricket, foot-ball, and rowing, and who in his holidays can obtain riding, salmon-fishing, hunting, and shooting, enjoys a physical training which no classical days ever equalled. . . . The Elton and Harrow match at Lord's is a far more beautiful sight, and far better for the performers, than the boys' wrestling or running at Olympia.

It may be greatly doubted whether many Germans, Frenchmen or Italians, uninfluenced by the desire to enter English society, would look at the matter in this light; and although Mr. Mahaffy says: 'In Roman days we even find strangers coming to Athens and enrolling themselves among the Ephebi, as those wealthy foreigners who understand what culture means often send their sons to England to receive the unique training of the English public schools,' we respectfully suggest that he hits wide of the mark. England is in a peculiar position. Along with a republican form of government she has a mask of aristocracy. The majority of boys, not English by birth, educated at her public schools, will be found to have parents who in their love for aristocracy are glad to find nowadays even a mask of it. France is republican; Italy fast turning that way; Germany has in her universities the only places that dare protest against despotism, and they only feebly. But in England, universities and schools are full of the exploded notions of a society that is trying to be aristocratic and a court that is playing at royalty on sufferance. That is the main reason for the fact that Americans rather take the additional trouble of learning a foreign language than study the professions in England. The ground is hollow. It is quite probable that the feeling is exaggerated, and that from vastly overrating English schools for educational ability, we have come to greatly underrate them. This is the more probable, when we remember the quantity and quality of high-rate work turned out by Englishmen, not so much in literature as in science, and recall the energy and zeal displayed during the last twenty years in the improvement of schools. Anything to show that this is really the case should be hailed with pleasure, for it is only fair that the mother country that has given North America her language, should have the lion's share of the foreign education of Americans. We do not see, however, that Mr. Mahaffy's assertions prove anything. It is a matter for discussion, and one into which young men and parents ought to look.

The So-called Speaker's Commentary.*

THE American reprint of 'The Bible Commentary' is now complete by the issue of the tenth volume, containing 'Hebrews' to 'Revelation.' This is popularly designated as 'The Speaker's Commentary,' from the fact that it was originally suggested by the Right Hon. J. Evelyn Denison, then Speaker of the British House of Commons. It is intended to meet the wants of ordinary readers, and therefore avoids as much as possible the technicalities of learning, but gives the results of the best scholarship and latest researches in a simple form. It is especially rich in the confirmation and illustration afforded to the Holy Scriptures from the recently discovered and deciphered Egyptian and

Assyrian monuments. It is, moreover, eminently sound and judicious in its theological views, and is a wholesome antidote to the destructive criticism prevalent in most German and many English commentaries. It is properly exegetical, and neither doctrinal nor homiletical. The introductions to the several sacred books, although concise, are particularly valuable; and the excursions interspersed throughout the volumes are fresh and often conclusive essays on special topics. The notes, while not professing to be exhaustive, are clear, and cover the main points of difficulty and interest. The general editor is the Rev. F. C. Cook, Canon of Exeter, who has also prepared the exposition on several books, either wholly or in part. The other portions have been treated by well-qualified contributors, many of whom are noted experts—Bishop W. Alexander, Bishop E. Harrold Browne, Rev. W. F. Bullock, the late Rev. Samuel Clark, Rev. G. Curry, Canon W. Drake, Rev. C. J. Elliott, Rev. T. E. Espin, Canon Evans, Rev. J. M. Fuller, Prof. R. Gandell, Rev. E. H. Gifford, Dean J. Gwynn, Lord Bishop Arthur Hervey, Dean J. S. Howson, Rev. E. Huxtable, Bishop William Jacobson, Dean G. H. S. Johnson, Bishop W. B. Jones, Rev. William Kay, Rev. T. L. Kingsbury, Archdeacon William Lee, the Lord Bishop of London, Prof. J. R. Lumby, Dean H. L. Mansel, Rev. F. Meyrick, Prof. E. H. Plumptre, Prof. George Rawlinson, the late Archdeacon J. H. Rose, Dean Robert Scott, Dean R. Payne Smith, Archbishop William Thomson, Rev. J. F. Thrupp, Prof. H. Wace, Rev. Joseph Waite, Prof. B. F. Westcott.

These writers were selected by a committee consisting of Church of England prelates, and they have been engaged upon their task about eighteen years. They have produced a work well worthy of taking a place beside the more voluminous and elaborate commentaries of Lange and Keil and Delitzsch, and better adapted than these for general circulation. The American publishers have reproduced the volumes in excellent style, and deserve, as they will doubtless receive, a liberal patronage. In these days of universal Bible study by Sunday-schools and laymen, we can hardly point to a safer, a more complete, or a more useful exposition. Of course we might take exception to the interpretations of individual passages and the conclusions reached on particular points, but these are minor matters and do not essentially detract from the general excellence and value of the work.

Sea Songs.

WE learn that Messrs. W. A. Pond & Son have in course of preparation, and will soon publish, the most complete collection of sea songs that has ever appeared in this country. The idea originated in a desire to excite in the minds of young American sailors an ardent love for their vocation and a thorough devotion to their flag. Some of these songs belong to the earlier history of our navy, and commemorate the victories on which our naval reputation is based. The natural effect of such songs is to stimulate the patriotic ardor of our young seamen, and at the same time to give them some knowledge of our naval history. Besides these, the volume will contain a liberal selection of the best of Dibdin's sea songs. There have been numerous editions of Dibdin in this country, but this collection will be the first, we believe, to give both words and music. It is the embellished truth of Dibdin's pictures, says his biographer, which has made his lyrics act so powerfully on the class they represent. In Jack Ratline, or Tom Bowline, the sailor recognizes a brother sailor—a being like himself, but nobler and better than himself, whom he would gladly resemble more fully, while he feels himself capable of doing so. High and generous sentiments expressed and acted on, in circumstances and modes of life similar to his own, from merely at first engaging his approval and sympathy, come at last to be his habitual thoughts and principles of conduct. The image of his favorite lass stands between him and the allurements to sensual indulgence. He, too, has his faithful girl or tender wife—his Poll or his Nancy, whom he thinks upon during the lonely watches of the night. His courage is no longer a brute instinct sustained by blind fatalism. He is calm in the midst of battle, remembering that

'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack,'

and yet prepared, should such be the will of Heaven, to die bravely in his country's cause. Such elevated sentiments, conveyed in bright and sparkling measures, cannot fail to exert the happiest influence on the rising generation of American seamen, to whom the book is dedicated. We understand that it is the design of the publishers to get the work out in a cheap and popular form, so as to place it within easy reach of the class for whom it is intended. We wish them success in their laudable undertaking.

* The Holy Bible, According to the Authorized Version (A. D. 1611). With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M. A., Canon of Exeter. 10 vols., \$5 each. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Critic

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BOUND volumes of Vol. 1. of THE CRITIC, \$3 each; unbound sets (26 numbers), \$2.50; cloth covers for binding, 50 cts.

"We are glad to be able to bear our tribute to the excellent manner in which THE CRITIC is conducted. It is not quite so old as the present year [1881], and it has already established its reputation as the first literary journal in America. We say this advisedly."—LONDON ACADEMY.

Our English Critics.

WE have a hearty admiration for the *Daily News*, the great organ of Liberal opinion in London. It has planted the standard of journalism on the loftiest heights yet reached. Its enterprise, its scholarship, its breadth of view have made so extraordinary an impression on right-minded Englishmen that it sells two hundred thousand copies a day and has nearly a million readers. And its appreciation of the vital topics of the hour is excellently shown in a recent article, where, turning from General Skobelev's speeches and Lord Donoughmore's Irish Committee, it discusses at length the methods of THE CRITIC and our views on contemporary English literature. Not that it agrees with us. On the contrary, it belabors us. Like Scapin in the play it does us up in a sack and lays on lustily. 'So you would accuse our distinguished novelist, Mr. Hardy, of plagiarism? And the cudgel comes down with a thwack. 'You would call our famous play-wright, Mr. Burnand, a dullard?' Thwack, thwack. 'You would allege that our great apostle, Mr. Symonds, is a compiler of primers?' Thwack, thwack, thwack.

Stiff in limb, scant of breath, we crawl from the sack and protest. It is true that we called Mr. Hardy a plagiarist. We said he had literally copied an episode in 'The Trumpet Major' from an episode in 'Georgia Scenes.' We printed one column beside the other, that all might judge; and the *Daily News* does its level best to make out a case for the novelist by comparing the introductory and least damaging parallels. 'After all,' says the journal, 'why so much pother about a trifle?' A trifle! We understood that Mr. Hardy was the greatest living master of English fiction. We heard that he had assumed the mantle of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. Shall the king be found guilty of petty larceny? Shall his majesty, whose riches are boundless, steal the ewe-lamb of some poor devil of an American author? Fie, fie! Skilled adaptation is an excellent thing. Genius has never disdained it. Cleopatra's barge is Plutarch's; scenes of 'L'Avare' are from Plautus; and what reasonable being has ever charged Shakspeare or Molière with theft? Mr. Hardy's apologist urges, in like manner, that the novelist has improved on the original. But as our printers misplaced the columns, our friend is quoting as Mr. Hardy's what belongs to the author of 'Georgia Scenes'.

Our criticism of Mr. Burnand was carefully weighed. In reviewing his play, 'The Colonel,' we said that he was a writer of very little wit, and that his dramatic construction was puerile. This has horrified the *Daily News*. In England, it seems, Mr. Burnand is a classic. He is the editor of *Punch*, which satisfies the English sense of humor, and he is the author of 'Happy Thoughts,' the mild fun of which is admirably adapted to the family circle. To us he is simply dull. His claim to dramatic fame rests on his

burlesque of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' and we confess that we viewed that travesty with disgust. Its humor was supplied by a drunkard in an extravagant shirt collar; its melodies were culled from the flash songs of the street. Jerrold's version had grown old, but his honest sailor still stood before us, 'with a tear in either eye, like a marine at each gangway,' and we were ashamed to see a masterwork of pathos turned into vulgar inanity. And in 'The Colonel,' as in all his later works, Mr. Burnand deals wholly in word-play and puns. Instead of taking rank with Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Wills, and other earnest workers of the English stage—instead of learning the art of building comedy scenes and fashioning comedy characters, he debases his muse with trivialities to which none but a degenerate audience can listen with patience.

We have made our protest. We owe Mr. Symonds no apology for calling his work on the 'Renaissance in Italy' a primer. Huxley and Tyndall write primers in these days; 'Ancient Classics for English Readers' are edited by the best pens in the country. We shall not modify our views of foreign literature. 'This sort of *douche*,' says the *Daily News*, 'is an excellent tonic.' Nor shall we answer the sneer that 'when English authors have been a little more found out their public will desert them,' and 'Mr. Aldrich and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's "Along the Way" will supplant Mr. Tennyson and the "Earthly Paradise."' We have poets whose fame does not yield to that of Tennyson and Morris; we have novelists whose merit is as great as that of Messrs. Hardy, Black, and Blackmore. But THE CRITIC has no national bias, no home industries to foster, no foreign wares to decry. Standing at a distance from English authors it is able to view them with impartiality, and anticipate the verdict that posterity will pass on them.

Literary Photography.

ALL Paris took sides in the lawsuit of M. Duverdy, the advocate, against Emile Zola, the novelist, and the whole world of letters is interested in the judgment. Duverdy, finding that his name had been given to one of the characters in Zola's new novel, 'Pot-bouille,' demanded that it should be expunged. Zola replied that if any such claim were allowed it would be fatal to the art of novel-writing. Balzac, Flaubert, Daudet, the De Goncourts, had made a point of using real names. There were Roumestans in Provence before Daudet's novel, De La Seiglières in public offices before Sandeau's play. Gubetta, the traitor of 'Lucrèce Borgia,' was a grocer in the Rue Montmartre; Robert Macaire was a breeches-maker in the Rue Richelieu. Balzac hunted from shop to shop to find Z. Marcas, and Z. Marcas lives to-day and writes to the *Figaro*: 'It is true: M. de Balzac immortalized me. But what good has that ever done me?' M. Duverdy's rejoinder to the novelist was plain. 'These writers,' he said, 'were decent men of letters. You, M. Zola, are lewd, foul-mouthed, and immoral. I would gladly lend my name to Feuillet or Sandeau; I will not lend it to you.' And the court sustained him.

As governing a particular case we applaud the judgment; as establishing a principle it is absurd. Zola is a literary outlaw. Whether he be moralist or quack, his methods are those which lead to the madhouse. The extracts from 'Pot-bouille' which Maître Rousse, the Academician, cited in court, were bestial; none but a tainted mind could have conceived them, and when they were read, the colloquy of Octave and Marie, which men are discussing in whispers at their clubs, had not yet appeared. To bind respectable writers by the laws that are intended to bind M. Zola is to confine sane men in a strait-waistcoat. We regard as a disreputable practice the introduction of real personages into fiction. A painter charged, as in a recent foreign case, with seeking the aid of photography, is at once discredited. The literary photographer is no less to be condemned. He is generally malicious; he is always second-rate. Not many months ago there appeared a novel of American life in Rome; it was written by an American, by a woman, and it was everywhere stated that many well-known figures in our Roman colony were there limned

with spiteful pen that the authoress might avenge some petty injury of the past. Shame on such literature! Are we returning to the days of Swift and Grub Street, of John Dennis and foul Anthony Pasquin? Let our novelists take their names where they will; let them ransack the directory; but across the threshold of private life none of them will pass who knows the first law of his art.

Tennyson's New Poem.

EARLIER in the history of ocean telegraphy, a despatch from London was printed announcing the publication of a new poem by Tennyson. This despatch, with its flaming head-lines—outwardly like, though curiously different inwardly, from the usual items of news then telegraphed from the old to the new world—was reproduced in one of our monthly magazines as a 'sign of the times.' The fact that every word of Tennyson's last poem was cabled from London to the *Independent* is also, doubtless, a sign of the times; but a sign, we fear, of nothing more notable than the present cheapness of ocean telegraphy, and the enterprise of American periodicals. As for 'The Charge of the Heavy Brigade,' we should say that it was an able but not a remarkable poem, showing the manner, but not the genius, of Tennyson. Prof. Wilkinson says that Tennyson is always disappointing his admirers—implying, however, that his admirers are apt finally to recover from their disappointment. It may be that the present poem may have the same immediate, and the same ultimate effect; but we doubt that it will ever be considered more than the *tour de force* of an old and most accomplished poet. Longfellow seems to be almost the only poet of our generation who in his old age can not only equal but surpass the work of his so-called prime.

From "The Garland of Rachel."*

How shall I sing you, Child, for whom
So many lyres are strung;
Or how the only tone assume
That fits a Maid so young?

What rocks there are on either hand!
Suppose—'tis on the cards—
You should grow up with quite a grand
Platonic hate for bards!

How shall I then be shamed, undone,
For ah! with what a scorn
Your eyes must greet that luckless One
Who hymned you, newly born;—

Who o'er your 'helpless cradle' bent
His idle verse to turn,
And twanged his tiresome compliment
Above your unconcern!

Nav—let my words be so discreet,
That keeping Chance in view,
Whatever after-fate you meet,
A part may still be true.

Let others wish you mere good looks,—
Your sex is always fair;
Or to be writ in Fortune's books,—
She's rich who has to spare:

I wish you but a heart that's kind,
A head that's sound and clear;
(Yet let the heart be not too blind,
The head not too severe!)

A joy of life, a frank delight,
A moderate desire;
And if you fail to find a Knight,
At least—a trusty Squire.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

* By permission of the author.

The late Princess Caroline Murat.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

As a matter of historical justice to an old Bordentonian, I would like to say a word concerning a lady whose character has been publicly assailed at least twice within the past three years. I refer to the late Madame Caroline Murat, who died in Paris, after less than a year's widowhood, in 1879. A writer in a recent number of the *Washington Republic*, following in the footsteps of the Paris correspondent of an American paper, who devoted a letter to the late Princess on the occasion of her death, reiterates the sneer that the deceased lady was a hard-fisted and sour-hearted dame, with whom the Prince must have led a miserable life. And as if not content with this, he alleges cruel and unsisterly treatment of a brother of the Princess, whose fortunes were shattered in an attempt to restore her own. I do not care to revive unpleasant stories, but I cannot refrain from making this general statement, that I have yet to meet a man or woman in this town, where Lucien Murat and Caroline and William Fraser were well known and are perfectly remembered, who does not speak of the late Princess in terms of admiration and respect, and of her husband and brother with pitiful contempt. The school which Madame Murat opened in Bordentown saved the Prince from penury, when he had squandered her own and her sister's fortune; and her remittances from abroad at a later period did much to alleviate the sufferings of her clever but worthless relative.

BORDENTOWN, March 5, 1882.

T. N.

"Homœopath."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IN THE CRITIC, Feb. 25, p. 56, I find the word 'homœopaths.' My edition of Webster gives no such word. I had supposed it was not allowable. Is there authority for it? J. G. FRASER.

MADISON, Lake Co., O., March 1, 1882.

[There is such a word. See Dunglison's 'Dictionary of Medical Science,' edition of 1866, p. 482—'Homœopath—Homœopathist.'—EDS. CRITIC.]

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. BANCROFT writes that he is so far ahead with the last volume of his history that the printers can work as fast as they please and he will keep pace with them.

MR. W. E. H. Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century' will soon be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The book is already on the press.

MR. B. F. De Costa and Mr. Henry P. Johnston are the new editors of the *Magazine of American History*. The latter is the author of a recent work on the Yorktown campaign.

The frontispiece of the April *Century* will be a portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold. A critical article will accompany it, from the pen of the young English poet, Mr. Andrew Lang.

MR. FROUDE's Life of Carlyle will be published simultaneously in this country (by the Messrs. Scribner) and in England (by the Messrs. Longmans). It will be illustrated with six steel engravings.

A new story-writer will make his appearance in the next number of the *Century*—Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, of Philadelphia. The title of the story with which he will introduce himself is 'Nifita.'

MR. WALT WHITMAN is preparing a volume of his prose writings for the press. The readers of THE CRITIC have already become familiar with some of this poet's most delightful essays in prose.

MR. R. H. Stoddard is making a Browning Birthday-book. He does not intend to confine his selections to Mrs. Browning's poetry, but will draw from her letters and other sources. (Mr. James Miller, publisher.)

FOR the second time M. Jules Claretie has gathered into a volume his admirable and amusing articles on Parisian life, contributed to the *Temps* about once a fortnight. The second series is called 'La Vie à Paris—1881.'

NOW that his story, 'Pot-bouille,' is in course of daily publication in the *Gaulois*, M. Zola takes occasion to publish in one volume, called 'Un Campagne,' the letters (*chroniques*, rather) which he wrote last year for the *Figaro*.

A tablet to be placed by the municipality of Rome on the façade of the house in which Sir Walter Scott spent the last year of his life, will bear the following inscription: 'L'anno MDCCCXXII., ultimo di sua vita, questa casa abito l'illustre romanziere Inglese, Walter Scott.'

THE initial volume of Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son's Clerical Library will be issued next week. It is called 'Three Hundred Outlines of the New Testament.' These 'outlines' are taken from the sermons of the best known English and American clergymen. Among the latter are Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. McCosh and Dr. Wm. M. Taylor. The series will contain twelve volumes.

'Mrs. Mayburn's Twins,' by the author of 'Helen's Babies,' which is announced by the Messrs. Peterson ostensibly as a new book, was written years ago, long before Mr. Habberton had mastered the art of popular story making. Only its name is new.

It is said that Mr. George Dolby will soon publish all the letters written to him by the late Charles Dickens. Mr. Dolby, it will be remembered, was the successful manager of Mr. Dickens and the unsuccessful manager of a concert company, in this country.

George Horn's 'Count Sylvius' is in the press of Mr. George W. Harlan, who also announces a novel of Southern life, by Miss M. A. Collins, of Tennessee, and a volume of reminiscences by an old New Yorker, Mr. Abram C. Dayton, entitled 'Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York.'

A limited edition of Lieutenant-Commander Henry H. Gorrings's work on 'Egyptian obelisks: Their History and Characteristics,' is announced for early publication by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The volume will be illustrated with forty-nine plates, including the artotypes made by Mr. Bierstadt. Mr. Leslie Stephen's 'The Principles of Ethics' is on the Messrs. Putnam's list.

By the Rev. Wm. Justin Harsha's plea for 'Law for the Indians' in the *North American Review*, this month, many readers will think they have discovered the true author of 'Ploughed Under.' Few writers are sufficiently interested in or familiar with the subject to treat it as it is treated in this essay and that romance.

A new translation by Mrs. A. L. Wister, 'From Hand to Hand,' after the German of Golo Raimund, author of 'A New Race,' which is also included in the Wister series, is announced by the Messrs. Lippincott. The same firm have in press a translation of Gautier's 'Romance of a Mummy,' by Mrs. Augusta McC. Wright and of W. Heimbürg's 'Lottie of the Mill,' a pleasant little German story which Miss Katharine E. Dickey has undertaken to introduce to American readers.

A book likely to be read with interest at this time, when oriental religions are receiving so much attention, is Mr. Charles F. Keary's 'Outlines of Primitive Belief among the Indo-European Nations,' which is announced by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. John Bigelow has written a monograph, which this firm has in press, called 'Mollinos the Quietist,' dealing with a little-known chapter of Jesuit methods. Mr. Bigelow has devoted years of research to the preparation of this volume.

The Messrs. Lippincott have in press a new edition of T. Buchanan Read's Poems, which will be issued in one volume, uniform with the Household Edition of American poets published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The works of this poet have hitherto been accessible to the public only in a 3-volume edition, at \$6 per set, and the new issue will doubtless extend the circle of his readers. A new and cheaper edition of Prescott's works, in 15 volumes, at \$1.50 a volume, is announced by the same house.

Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated with unusual ceremonies on the 26th ult. Most of the public schools throughout the country honored the day with fitting exercises. The poet received a few calls at his home in Cambridge, but recent illness prevented his seeing many visitors, or taking part in any public demonstration. One of the most interesting of the tributes that were paid him was the volume by Mrs. Julia R. Anagnos, printed, in raised letters, on the Howe Memorial press, and issued from the Perkins Institute for the blind.

The last volume of the catalogue of the Boston Athenæum is complete. The series has been in course of preparation for twenty years, and, as completed, includes all accessions up to 1870. The supplement containing the additions made within the next decade will be arranged more rapidly and on a better plan. Two experts are at work on the catalogue of the Astor Library, in this city; but as they have some forty thousand slips to handle, it will be two years at least before the task can be finished. The catalogue will then include all accessions up to the year 1881.

Acknowledgments.

A COLLECTION of short stories, 'Liriche in Prosa,' by Alfredo Barbato Forleo, reaches us from Milan (G. Ambrosoli & Co.) The author is a lawyer, and, living in a country where even lawyers write love-songs, he has set to musical prose some incidents of an innocently amorous kind. Each of them is dedicated to a friend—some to two friends—and as there are twelve stories in all, it is obvious that Signor Forleo has friends enough in Milan to encourage him in appealing to a wider public.—From the United States News Company, 'Vennor's Weather Almanac' for 1882, with a title-page illustration representing an owl outlined against a full moon, and suggesting a very obvious comparison to those who discredit the prophecies of the weather-wise Canadian. (25 cts.)—The Catholic Publication Society Co. send us the fourteenth number of their 'Illustrated Catholic Family Annual,' containing an abundance

of calendars and astronomical items of general interest, and brief essays and biographical sketches of special value to Catholics.—

The 'Q. P. Index Annual' for 1881, though calculated to be of use to subscribers for the various periodicals to which it contains indexes, is not by any means exhaustive. (Q. P. Index, Bangor, Me.)

—The January number of the 'U. S. Official Postal Guide' is a book of 820 pages, containing three alphabetical lists of all the post-offices in the United States, so arranged as to remove any difficulty in locating any particular one. In addition to these, the guide contains alphabetical lists of United States and Canadian money-order offices, domestic and international; a table giving the time of transit between the larger American cities; rates of foreign and domestic postage, and full directions about money-orders and registered letters—in short, all needed information about United States postal matters. (Cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers, January, 1882. Edited by the Secretary (Mr. John Bogart), and published at the house of the Society, No. 127 East 23d St.—Catalogue, for 1881, of the officers and students of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.—*Le Livre* has published its second number for the year. It has all the admirable qualities of the first. M. Jules Adeline, continuing his excursion through the libraries of France, describes the 'Livre d'heures' of Charles V., which is preserved at Rouen; an anonymous writer, discussing the authorities on gastronomy, tells of Baron Brisse, and recites some of his bills of fare; and M. Fernand Drujon closes his analysis of 'Livres à clef' with a review of political and satirical pamphlets. Besides the miscellaneous articles, which are as well written as ever, there is an excellent engraving of the book-stalls on the Parisian quays.—The articles contributed by Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll, Judge J. S. Black, and Prof. George P. Fisher to the *North American Review* have been reprinted in pamphlet form, in answer, we are told, to a generally expressed desire.—Senator George F. Hoar's address on the late President Garfield has been reprinted in book form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (50 cts.) It contains a steel engraving of the President and makes an attractive volume.

Science

Organic Chemistry.*

PROBABLY no branch of science has made more rapid advances during the past twenty years than that which is known as organic chemistry. The whole subject has been revolutionized, so that older chemists who have not put forth extraordinary efforts to enable them to keep up with the times find themselves to-day completely at a loss to understand the work which is carried on so industriously in the principal chemical laboratories of the world. Improvement in the methods of teaching the subject has not kept pace with the accumulation of material. The text-books on organic chemistry have not been, and are not, well suited to serve as introductions to the subject. The one prominent fault most frequently met with in them is the too free use of theories. These theories may be, and are, in most cases, perfectly justified, providing the connection between them and the facts from which they spring is clearly pointed out; but this connection is too often lost sight of, and the theories treated as independent existences. Then they become harmful. Both the books which form the subject of this notice have some excellent qualities. Both suffer from the fault above referred to, though by no means in the same degree. The volume of Roscoe and Schorlemmer forms the first part of the third volume of the excellent 'Treatise on Chemistry,' and in it the consideration of organic chemistry is begun. The authors give a new name to the subject. That in common use is 'The Chemistry of Carbon Compounds,' but this they claim, and justly, is too broad, as it applies to all the simple compounds of carbon, such as carbonic acid and the whole list of carbonates, which enter so largely into the composition of the inorganic portions of the earth. They adopt the name 'Chemistry of the Hydrocarbons and their Derivatives,' and it is hard to see what rational objection can be made to this. It certainly describes accurately what it is intended to describe, and this is more than can be said of any of the names now in use.—This book (1) is the most readable one on the subject that has appeared in any language; and this is a very great merit. Hardly a single one of its many predecessors can be read. One may serve admirably as a book of reference for the investigator, another as a laboratory guide, and a third as an aid in connection with lectures; but they cannot be read continuously with much advantage to the reader. The authors have dealt with their subject in a broad way. They have, of course, first had in mind the pure science, and they have endeavored to

* (1) A Treatise on Chemistry. Vol. III. The Chemistry of the Hydrocarbons and their Derivatives; or, Organic Chemistry. Part I. By H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer. 8s. (2) Adolph Strecker's Short Text-book of Organic Chemistry. By Dr. Johannes Wislicenus. Translated and edited, with extensive additions, by W. H. Hodgkinson and A. J. Greenaway. 3s. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

point out the methods of the science, as well as to give the results of the application of these methods. Admirable descriptions of the facts of the subject are given, with sufficient fulness for the purposes of most students; and references to the sources of information, the original articles in the chemical journals, are found in connection with every important point. Further, the industrial applications of the science receive full attention, not in an off-hand way as is usual, but in such a way as to bring out their full importance. The chapters on petroleum, alcohol, ether, vinegar, and soap should be specially mentioned in this connection. The subject of alcohol regarded in its industrial aspects occupies about forty pages of very interesting reading matter. Then, too, the historical side of the science is treated with great clearness and in an interesting way. There is first an introductory chapter which treats of the development of the subject as a whole, and then, as each new group is brought forward, the special history of this group is given. Thus far only one main group of compounds has been considered, viz.: the paraffins, or the marsh gas series of hydrocarbons and their derivatives. If the other groups are treated as fully as this one, and considering their importance it is probable that they will be, the completed treatise will be by far the most extensive one in the English language. As regards the way in which the theories are presented, it is plain that the authors have tried to be consistent, and they have succeeded in this better than most other writers; but exception may be taken to some points. It is quite impossible here to discuss the matter in detail, and a few examples must suffice for illustration. The 'law of the linking of atoms' is fundamental, and was, of course, discovered through a study of facts established in connection with a very large number of carbon compounds. A proper study of these facts will show clearly that the law is a just induction. The connection between the facts and the law is, however, not made clear by the paragraph on pages 112 and 113. The following sentence occurs on page 129: 'This is caused by the rupture of one of the links of a doubly-linked carbon atom.' The language is highly figurative, and though there are certain phenomena known which correspond to this language in some way, the character of these phenomena is too little understood to warrant the use of such expressions as 'rupture of links.' Surgical chemistry is a subject for which we are not quite prepared. The language is not original with the authors; it is the every-day language of chemistry, and when used cautiously is not dangerous; but it is not right to introduce it in the early part of a text-book, before the exact nature of the facts to which it refers has been explained. Many other illustrations might be given, but we forbear. On the whole, the character of Part I. is such that we await with feelings of pleasurable expectancy the appearance of the concluding parts of the volume.

The second book (2) to which we call attention is a translation of the well-known 'Short Text-book of Organic Chemistry,' by Professor Johannes Wislicenus. In the original it appeared as a new edition of Strecker's 'Organic Chemistry.' Professor Wislicenus is one of the active chemists of the present time, and has added materially to our knowledge of carbon compounds. He belongs to the advanced wing of German chemical science. He is so thoroughly imbued with the ideas of 'bonds,' 'structure,' 'valency,' and the other outgrowths of modern organic chemistry, that he does not sufficiently recognize the importance of explaining these ideas and showing on what foundation they rest. In his preface, to be sure, he appears cautious. Thus this passage will be found: 'In the present state of our science we cannot neglect the frequent use of structural formulæ based on the valency of the chemical elements. Their partial uncertainty and in many points tangible shortcomings need not prevent their use to some extent in a text-book, although their use requires care.' This is excellent; but the author's caution forsook him as soon as he began his work, and we find at the very beginning a large number of entirely unexplained structural formulas, the sudden appearance of which is well calculated to dishearten even a brave, earnest student, while the only effect they can have on ordinary minds is hopeless mystification. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not object to the formulas as such. They are in most cases excellent tentative expressions of facts. They do not imply atom-juggling, as some suppose. They are really of very great value; but they are too strong food for infant chemists. To digest them fully, one must have had a preliminary training; severe indigestion will certainly follow the attempt to swallow them whole without this training.

It is scarcely necessary to refer to special cases to prove the correctness of the assertion that the author of this book presents the formulas prematurely. The entire book furnishes the proof. Some glaring cases may be found on page 58, where formulas are given for many cyanogen derivatives in regard to which our knowledge is very limited; on page 62, where certain complex compounds of hydrocyanic acid with metallic chlorides are dissected in such a way as to suggest a mass of knowledge which we do not possess; on page 94, which presents formulas for compounds of urea and oxide of

mercury, etc., etc. If the author had intended simply to inform his readers in regard to the latest views actually held concerning the structure of organic compounds, without showing exactly what the formulas mean, his book would necessarily be regarded as a success, but this was not his intention. The work was written for beginners, and for them we submit, it is not suited. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that it contains a large mass of valuable information systematically arranged and accurately stated, and if used in connection with other books, as for example, with that of Roscoe and Schorlemmer, or in connection with a good course of lectures, it will serve a good purpose. The translation is fair, though the translators are constantly under the influence of the German idiom. Stilted sentences are met with throughout the book. This, however, is almost inevitable, and we are not disposed to find fault, for, though the language is clumsy, the meaning is not obscured to any great extent.

"The First Book of Knowledge."*

It is one of the most encouraging as well as noteworthy features of the present day that men of high scientific position and renown do not disdain to address the general public, but discarding as much as possible the technicalities of their several branches of study, endeavor to present the latest truths of science in pleasant and readily comprehensible form. Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall are familiar examples. Mr. Frederick Guthrie, Professor of Physics at the Normal School of Science, at South Kensington, has now joined the ranks of popular teachers, and prepared a little volume for young people—'The First Book of Knowledge.' What this book is about, and how to use it, may best be told in the author's own words as thereby the style and method of the volume will become most apparent: 'Clay is a stuff. A brick is a thing. I want boys and girls, and so, by-and-by, everybody, to know something about stuffs and things. Therefore in this "First Book of Knowledge," I have striven to make clear what stuffs are and how things are made from them. So I take such a house as most of us live in, and show, first, of what stuffs, and how its parts are made, and I speak as near to the beginning as I can of those things which are first used as the house is being built. But as I find that bricks and mortar are made by the help of coal, I begin with a few words about coal; then I speak of what may be called the trimmings of the house—such as paint and paper; then of pots and pans, and such; then of lighting and heating, then of clothing, then of food, then of cleaning, then of writing and printing.' The information thus indicated is detailed in nine parts and forty-six sections. Each section commences with an enumeration 'of things to be seen,' of which it is suggested, 'when this book is used by a teacher he should get as many as he can.' At the end of each section are questions on the lesson. The pains the author has taken to insure accuracy may be judged when it is known that he has had the assistance of Dr. J. H. Gladstone, Prof. Judd, and Prof. Roberts, besides other less known persons. The book may therefore be heartily recommended for those for whom it is intended—the young; and there are few of any age who could not find a good deal to learn in its pages. The author's style cannot always be approved; but that is of secondary importance in the present case.

Scientific Notes.

A TRULY giant water-lily was found in Lake Nuna in Peru. The leaf had a circumference of nearly 25 feet and weighed between 13 and 14 pounds. A flower was 4 feet 2 inches round and weighed 3½ pounds; its outer petals were 9 inches long.

A parasitic plant has been discovered, by Mr. Berkeley, on the lilac. It becomes manifest in large brown patches, sometimes occupying almost the whole of the leaf. It belongs to the order of *Peronosporæ*, and has been named *Ovularia syringæ*.

An important memoir has been presented by Lecomte to the French Academy of Sciences, on the modifications which plants preserved in silos undergo. Indian corn and clover lose much glucose, sugar, starch, and cellulose, and the amount of fatty matter is increased. There is little loss of nitrogenous matter.

During the past year several insects assumed a new rôle in relation to crops, and suddenly developed as formidable enemies to the agriculturist. One of these (*Crambus vulgivagellus*) has seriously injured pastures; another (*Phytonomus punctatus*) the clover plant; and a third, a new *Pyralid*, has very generally ravaged the corn plants in the south.

The Second International Congress for Ethnographical Sciences will be held at Geneva, commencing April 10, 1882. There will be seven sections, devoted to the following subjects: (1) Origin and Migrations of peoples; (2) Ethnology; (3) Descriptive Ethnography; (4) Theoretical Ethnography; (5) Manners and Customs; (6) Political Ethnography; and (7) International Law.

* 'The First Book of Knowledge. By Frederick Guthrie, F.R.S. &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Arthur Stradling, by reason of his own experience, and in opposition to the general belief prevalent among snake-keepers, has come to the conclusion that snakes thrive better and are more healthy when admitted to moderate changes of temperature and not limited to fixed artificial heat. Under such conditions he has never known any of them suffer from 'that irritable condition of the stomach, so often noticed in menageries, which gives rise to constant rejection of the food, and death from inanition.'

A memoir on the celebrated electrical eel of South America (*Gymnotus electricus*) has been presented to the French Academy of Sciences, by the celebrated Berlin physicist, Du Bois-Reymond. It incorporates the observations of the late Dr. Sachs, who went to Venezuela some five years ago for the express purpose of studying the fish in its native waters. The work, left incomplete by Dr. Sachs, has been extended by Dr. Fritsch. It has been almost demonstrated that the electric organs have been developed from striated muscles by metamorphosis.

The recent work of Mr. Darwin on the earth-worm has aroused a great interest in the subject, and an English gentleman resident in Hertfordshire has made renewed inquiries as to the number of worms to be found in a given space. He found in his poorest land as many as 100 to the cubic yard, and in a rich strip bordering vines not less than 180 animals in an equal area, i.e. from 484,000 to 871,200 to an acre. Hensen, in Germany, had estimated that the number to an acre averaged 53,767, and Darwin assumed those figures in his calculations. Of course the numbers would vary greatly, according to the character of the land and its surroundings, and Darwin would not have been justified in taking maximum figures for his purpose.

A piscivorous bat inhabits a cave in Mono Islet, off the coast of the island of Trinidad. According to Dr. G. H. Kingsley it catches its fishy food at night, but in a manner which has not been quite clearly ascertained. He thinks that either they scoop the fishes off the surface of the water by means of the membrane extended between their hind legs, or—which is more probable—catch them with their exceedingly sharp and curiously arranged claws. But, however the feat may be performed, the fact that the bats had actually fed on fish was evident from the examination of the stomachs of various specimens. No data have been given for the determination of the species to which the bats belong, but this we may hope will be effected soon.

The celebrated compass-plant of the Western States (*Silphium laciniatum*) has been recently the subject of renewed investigations. In the *Botanical Magazine* an illustration has been published, and some observations of Dr. Asa Gray are recorded. "In the *Jenaische Zeitschrift* is an important memoir by Prof. E. Stahl, not only on the compass-plant, but a kind of lettuce (*Lactuca Scariola*) whose adversion to a meridional plane has been for the first time noticed. The meridional disposition of both plants occurs when isolated and exposed to bright sunlight. It is contended that the phenomenon is due to the common 'diaboliotropism' generally evinced by the leaves of plants, and that the exaggerated manifestation in the *Silphium* and *Lactuca* is due to the greater sensitiveness of their leaves to intense light. It is added that several other plants exhibit more or less tendency to a meridional position, and it is believed that others may be detected among the denizens of regions dry and exposed.

SOCIETIES.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.—Mr. William W. Goodwin, Ph.D., LL.D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, and author of the well-known 'Greek Grammar' and 'Greek Moods and Tenses,' has been invited by the Committee of the Institute on the School at Athens to assume the direction of the School for the first year. Mr. Goodwin has asked for a few days to consider the proposition; and it is earnestly hoped that his decision will be favorable. The Corporation of Harvard University has generously agreed, in case Mr. Goodwin accepts the Directorship of the School, to continue, during his absence, a large proportion of his salary.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MINING ENGINEERS held its regular annual session this year at Washington, in the new lecture room of the National Museum, which was made ready just in time for the purpose. The session was opened on Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 7 o'clock, P.M., by addresses of welcome by Gen. W. T. Sherman on behalf of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, and by Major J. W. Powell as chairman of the local committee of arrangements. Regular meetings were held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, commencing at 10 o'clock, A.M., and two special meetings were convened on Wednesday, one (at 3 P.M.) in memory of Alexander Lyman Holley, and another (at 7.30 P.M.) devoted to papers and discussions on iron and steel as structural materials. About 100 members were registered during the session.

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Regular monthly meeting, Wednesday, March 1, Mr. T. C. Clarke, in the chair. Amendments to the Constitution relating to the Fellowship Fund were adopted. The following candidates were elected: as Members, John W. Andrews, Goldsboro, N. C.; George Burnet, Jr., Indianapolis; William H. Martin, San Francisco; Charles H. Prior, Minneapolis; James L. Randolph, Baltimore: as Associate Member, William Watson, Boston: as Junior Member, Cassius W. Kelly, New Haven.—The Secretary presented a copy of a bill to be introduced in Congress authorizing the appointment of a commission to test metals and other structural materials. He also gave a report of the discussion on that subject which occurred at the recent meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers in which officers and Members of the A. S. C. E. took part by invitation.—Resolutions of regret at the death of A. L. Holley, formerly Vice-President of the Society, were adopted.—A paper upon the averaging machine was read by its inventor, Mr. Wm. S. Auchincloss, Member. Reference was made to the machine described in a former paper (*Transactions*, vol. x., p. 135). That has now been remodelled and is presented in a more compact shape. The machine is 29 inches in length, 9 inches in width, and weighs about 13 pounds. The ingenious method by which the weight of the platform is eliminated from the result of the work of the machine was exhibited and explained.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Monthly meeting, Chickering Hall, Friday, February 24, Gen. G. W. Cullum, U.S.A., Vice-President of the Society, in the chair. After the ordinary business resolutions had been passed—among them the election of thirty-five new members—General Cullum introduced a resolution, advocating the selection of a prime meridian for every country on the globe. This important question occupied a great deal of the time and attention of the International Geographical Congress held at Venice, last September, at which Gen. Cullum was present as one of the delegates from the American Geographical Society. In introducing the measure, Gen. Cullum repeated the substance of the arguments made before the Congress, and on the motion of Judge Peabody, a committee was appointed, consisting of Chief Justice Daly, Gen. Cullum, Gen. Horatio G. Wright, Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army; Gen. W. B. Hazen, and Mr. Benjamin Alvord, to present to the Government the views of the Society on this important subject.—The lecturer of the evening, Mr. George Kennan, was then introduced. His address contained much information that must have been new to many of his hearers—not least his description of the vast dimensions of Siberia, as well as of the exile system there prevalent, his account of which is very different from the reports made by the late Mr. Grenville Murray and other English writers, who have represented it as one of unparalleled cruelty. A touching tribute to the gallant commander and crew of the *Jeannette*, of whose salvation the lecturer has little hope, formed the conclusion of one of the most instructive and entertaining lectures that has been heard before the Society for years.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—At the stated monthly meeting, Tuesday evening, March 7, the Librarian reported a large number of additions to the Library during the month. Gen. David G. Swaim, and G. D. Scull were elected Corresponding Members, and Charles M. Da Costa, Henry P. Havens, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, Dr. Wm. Seward Webb, E. E. Saltus, Henry H. Cook, Jacob Halsted, Paul Ernest Liemann, Daniel F. Liemann, Jr., Richard Deeves, Elihu Chauncey, Rev. Henry Mason Baum, Frank Schlesinger, Eugene R. Leland, Grant B. Schley, Robt. D. Swartwout, Roswell Smith, James D. Lynch, Thomas H. Edsall, Henry P. Johnston, Homer Hemmaway, Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil, Resident Members of the Society. A memorial notice of the late Prof. John W. Draper, Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the Society, was read by Rev. Dr. Benj. N. Martin. This tribute of respect was listened to with great interest, and the thanks of the Society were presented to the eulogist. The paper of the evening was then read by Rev. P. F. Dealy of the Society of Jesus, on 'The Great Colonial Governor of New York, Col. Thos. Dongan.' It exhibited great historical research, and a careful examination of the public acts of Gov. Dongan, during his administration under James II. The speaker paid a high tribute to his purity of character, his moderation, and political sagacity, which won for him, a Catholic deputy of a Catholic king, the esteem of the Protestant people whom he governed. His wise policy in dealing with the Indians, and resisting French influence among them, was depicted, and important effects of his administration upon the history of the country were traced from the facts that it was he who convoked the first representative assembly in New York, and who granted the first charter for civil and religious liberty in America.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY of Washington have united to give a free course of popular Saturday Afternoon Lectures, in the new lecture room of the National Museum. Those determined upon for the course are as follows:—March 11, Prof. Theodore Gill (President of the Biological Society): 'Scientific

and popular views of nature contrasted; March 18, Major J. W. Powell (President of the Anthropological Society): 'Outlines of Sociology;' March 25, Prof. C. V. Riley: 'Little known facts about well-known animals;' April 1, Prof. Otis T. Mason: 'What is Anthropology;' April 8, Prof. J. W. Chickering, Jr.: 'Contrasts of the Appalachian Mountains;' April 15, Dr. Robert Fletcher: 'Paul Broca, and the French school of Anthropology;' April 22, Prof. William H. Dall: 'Deep-sea exploration;' April 29, Dr. Swan M. Burnett: 'How we see.'—The number of scientific men connected with the various branches of the government at Washington or resident there is very large, and three flourishing societies are maintained by them. These, in the order of their formation, are the Philosophical, the Anthropological, and the Biological. 'The Philosophical Society of Washington' was founded, in 1871, chiefly by the members of two old social-scientific clubs, and is devoted to the consideration of all branches of science. Its meetings are held in the Army Medical Museum, on alternate Saturdays. It has about 150 members, and has published four volumes of a 'Bulletin.' The secretaries for the present year are Theodore Gill and Marcus Baker. 'The Anthropological Society of Washington' was founded, in 1879, to encourage the study of the natural history of man, especially with reference to America. It now numbers over one hundred members, and has published one volume of 'Transactions.' The meetings are held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month in the hall of the National Medical College. For the current year the secretaries are Lester F. Ward and F. A. Seely. 'The Biological Society of Washington' was organized, in 1880, for the purpose of studying the life history and classification of animals and plants. It holds meetings, for the reading and discussion of papers, on alternate Friday evenings, in the archive room of the National Museum. It has one hundred and forty members. The executive officers elected at the last meeting are Secretaries G. Brown Goode and Richard Rathbun. Each of these societies has a president, four vice-presidents, two secretaries, a treasurer, and a committee of nine members. The publications of the several societies are of minor importance, and give little idea of the activity of the individual members. Their articles are chiefly published in the form of official reports, contributions to other journals, etc.

The Fine Arts

Regnault's "Automedon."

THE spirited competition for Henri Regnault's 'Automedon, and the Horses of Achilles,' at a recent sale, makes one hope that the time is going by when works of great artistic value can be offered at a sacrifice with none to bid, while flashy pictures bring large prices. The Regnault has several faults that might weigh against it, were they not counterbalanced by singular traits of genius. Somewhat theatrical are the rearing coursers of Achilles; they do not exhibit the sobriety of the best Greek style; they may be said to be hardly true realizations of Homer's view, or Homer's words, notwithstanding their semi-divine origin, and the fact that, soon after Automedon fastened them to the chariot, grief at the approaching death of their master gave them voices. Ordinary steeds these creations of Regnault are not; but they are also not Greek, and not Homeric horses. Their gigantic size and tremendous movement do not accord with the beautiful simplicity, the spiritual heroicness rather than the bulky heroicness, of the half-gods, men, and humanized animals of the 'Iliad.' The coursers are much more Ossianic than Homeric. They are of the breed used by the fabulous heroes of Ireland and Scotland; size and powerful action rather than simple intensity being their characteristics. Automedon himself is not Greek but Celtiberian; his muscular frame and his violent movement remove him from the idyllic calm of Homeric warriors, even when they are at the fever-pitch of excitement. The background is also tormented, and sky and rocks betray a feeling for landscape that testifies to modern centuries, when the songs called of Ossian, starting from the Scotch Highlands, taught England first, then Switzerland, Germany, France, and Italy, the modern way of looking at nature on a large scale. Regnault undoubtedly thought out the picture, so far as he put much thought on it at all, with the impression that he was being truly Homeric. But race and epoch are stronger than genius. He would not have been great had he not been strongly a Frenchman and strongly modern, seeing that he was born both. Homer through his mind became Celtified without his knowing it. And doubtless without their knowing it the home critics for whom the thing was painted thought they were admiring the Greek in it when they were really admiring the Celtic. In execution, parts are justly accused of flatness and unoriginality. It is a masterpiece, nevertheless, and it speaks badly for the managers of the Metropolitan that they should not have had \$10,000 to spend to secure it. Cincinnati gets it for \$5,000. New York lost it, not because New York men are stingy, but because trustees, when they have done stupidly, persevere in

their stupidity, and think to blind the public by thrusting their own ostrich heads into the sand. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has an Old Man of the Sea on its shoulders, and until he is shaken off nothing worthy of this great city can be done with it. Not only has it no agents worthy the name in Europe, but it allows paintings like the 'Automedon' to be carried off without an effort. At \$10,000 the Automedon is still moderate in price, regarded merely as an investment; for an enterprising showman could exhibit it and make large profits. The competition for this painting shows that if New York is foolish, better things may be expected from the great cities to the westward. Cincinnati is to be praised and envied.

L'Art.*

THOUGH it contains the usual number of etchings which are by no means lacking in quality, the current quarter of *L'Art* is, comparatively speaking, poor in text. There are few articles of great importance or interest; the editors appear to have fallen on a barren season. Exception to this is made by M. Philippe Burty in his paper on Alfred Gauvin, worker in damask on iron and steel. Apparently Gauvin is a true artist, although the field of his employment is narrow and the world does not honor men of his craft with the celebrity and high prices obtained by painters. M. Burty takes one to the busy quarter of Paris where Gauvin labors, and the slight glimpses given of neighborhood and inhabitants are almost as interesting as the explanation of the methods employed by this artistic artisan. The orient is still the native home of those iron and brass boxes which are delicately chiseled by very sharp and specially hardened chisels. In Europe in the middle ages workers in such articles of luxury thrived. But nowadays the fine workman in damasquine is rare. Gauvin's history is curious and M. Burty tells it with humor. It throws a garish light on the delicate subject of mediæval bric-à-brac and will cause many an owner of fifteenth-century ivories and 'genuine' trophies of arms of the middle ages to tremble for his pets. M. Burty does not say in so many words that many of the casques, cuirasses, coats-of-mail, and bucklers of private and public collections are modern forgeries. But he says: 'I will not hide from you that at the day of judgment, when the trumpet of the resurrection sounds and all the scattered molecules receive the order to unite and to present themselves in their primitive harmony before the Supreme Expert, it is just possible that an armor of the Emperor Maximilian's time shall lift up a voice and say: "Lord forgive me; this arm-piece was made by a man called Alfred Gauvin"; an Italian rapier: "Lord, I lost my pommel, and can I dare to appear before you without the aid of Gauvin?"; the butt of an incrustated gun may sigh: "Let the Lord have mercy upon me; they could not find my barrel; Gauvin made me a barrel!"' This same clever designer and engraver, welder together of different metals and workman in repoussé, proposes to make for the new Hotel de Ville of Paris certain iron doors, which shall stand as objects of admiration and shall perpetuate his name to posterity.

This quarter of *L'Art* has one paper that will make those Americans open their eyes who never look at home for anything in the fine arts worthy their notice. M. Paul Leroi has discovered Mr. Frederick S. Church of New York to be a very superior artist indeed, particularly in etching, and has many flattering things to say about several etchings reproduced here which were lately on exhibition at the Academy of Design. M. Leroi raises again the warning that *L'Art* never ceases to give the government against the influence of Cabanel, and other commonplace masters of technique, upon government schools and government distributions of favor. English competition used to be the cry. It is now America that is held up as a threat to the prestige of French art. 'An American school is in the forming. Every day it increases, and soon the hour will strike when it will become threatening. Artistic temperaments like that of Mr. Church show this well enough. May it please God that we do not find when it is too late, that the manufacture of Under-Cabanel, which goes on at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in the guise of ateliers for students, kills all originality in this country; and that it may not be necessary to go abroad to find a *somebody* in art!'

Art Notes.

In the case of the De Morgan collection of French, Greek, and Italian antiquities, concerning which Mr. De Morgan and Mr. Feuillet have had so hard a fight with the Treasury Department, a decision has been handed down by Judge Brown, of the U. S. District Court, in which he rules that imported antiquities must be admitted duty free. The decision is an important one.

The forthcoming number of the *Magazine of Art* will contain an interesting paper on the paintings of G. F. Watts, R.A., by Cosmo Monkhouse, illustrated with some of the best examples of the artist's work. The article that will probably receive the most attention is

* New York: J. W. Bouton.

one on Mr. Alma Tadema's house in Regent's Park. We have seen verbal descriptions of the place before, but no pictorial representation of the various rooms. The art of house decoration can go no further. It may be said to have gone almost too far in this instance, though the effect is rich and picturesque.

A society 'for the encouragement of American Art' has been formed in this city, under the title of the Dürer Club and the presidency of Mr. C. H. Platt. Mr. R. L. Dickinson is Vice-President. The first meeting was held on February 26. There are at present twenty-five members, and the total membership is to be limited to four times that number. One of the objects of the Club is to publish American etchings, and that part of its work has been begun by the issue of a series by Mr. W. T. Richards.

Messrs. Scribner & Welford announce for publication, on the 15th inst., a volume on Greek and Roman sculpture, by Walter Copland Perry—a handsome volume, copiously illustrated, and intended as a popular introduction to the history of the subject. This firm have other art-books in course of preparation, including 'Outlines of Ornament,' by W. and G. Audsley—a sort of handbook for the architect and decorative artist. The edition of this work is limited, the plates having already been destroyed. A new series of handbooks of practical art, by Henry B. Wheatley, and Philip H. Delamotte, is in press. The initial volumes will be 'Art-work in Earthenware,' and 'Art-work in Gold and Silver.' Each art will be treated historically as well as practically, and will be illustrated with numerous engravings.

The Drama

MR. DION BOUCAULT appeared on Monday night at Booth's Theatre in 'Suil-a-Mor; or, Life in Galway,' a piece of his own devising, and New York turned out in force to welcome the man who has done so much to amuse it. If Mr. Boucault's gift as a playwright is failing him, his powers as a comedian are undiminished. His impersonation of The O'Dowd is as near perfection as human wit can make it. It is an impersonation to be conned and relished by all who care for the stage, by all who have learned to distinguish good acting from bad, by all who have not yet been driven from the theatre by the dramatic trivialities which surround them. Mr. Boucault and Mr. Jefferson are the only comedians on our boards who know how to construct a character. Which is the greater we do not pretend to decide. Mr. Boucault has the softer pathos, the more unctuous humor; Mr. Jefferson has the nameless touch which is not far off from genius. Mr. Boucault chooses his details with consummate care, not one too many, not one too few. He has studied in the best French school, the school of Regnier and his contemporaries. He is now in a position to teach others. His profession, which crowded to hear Rossi and Salvini in a foreign language, should make a point of hearing Mr. Boucault in their own. A night at Booth's theatre is a dramatic education.

'Suil-a-Mor,' his play, has seen strange fortunes. It is nearly twenty-five years since the 'Crochets du Père Martin' appeared in France. It was a touching little drama of parental sacrifice. Mr. John Oxenford, the dramatic critic, adapted it for the English comedian Robson, and as 'The Porter's Knot,' cut down to two acts, it enjoyed great popularity. Mr. Boucault, in turn, transformed it into an Irish play, laying the scene in Galway, and calling it 'Daddy O'Dowd.' Acting in London two years ago, and looking about for a drama on a timely topic, he had the idea of using 'Daddy O'Dowd' as a framework for his views on the Irish question. He introduced an election scene, filled it with allusions to Irish woes, put speeches into his characters' mouths about the 'Cinderella of the Isles,' and was roundly hissed for his pains. He then took the play to pieces again, contrived a ship drifting on the rocks and saved by the hero, and so presented it at Boston. Lastly it has come to us as 'Suil-a-Mor,' without the election scene, without the Irish woes, without the shipwreck, not materially differing from the original French play which started on its travels so many years ago. We set down this history as instructive to playwrights, showing them how the most distinguished member of their guild is content to work and rework a theme.

In changing the surroundings of his play Mr. Boucault has also changed the motive, and this is a source of weakness. He wishes to tell the tale of Michael O'Dowd, an old Galway fish-salesman, who sacrifices his fortune, home, and happiness to save a prodigal son from ruin. To accentuate the sacrifice the dramatist involves the lad in a charge of forgery. He had come to London, had taken rooms in the Temple, had become a fashionable poet, and being ashamed of the family name, had called himself Percy Walsingham, as he signed his rhymes. Under this name he had accepted bills and entered into financial engagements with Mr. Romsey Leake, a money-lender. The latter, finding that his real name is O'Dowd, determines to accuse him of forgery unless his father pays the bills.

Here are two glaring impossibilities. If Mr. Percy Walsingham had avoided society in London, had shut himself up in his chambers, he might have kept his incognito for a few months. But he had made a point of knowing everybody; he had surrounded himself with a choice company of lords, ladies, and Irish magistrates; and how, in this motley gathering, having been educated at Dublin, having been popular at Trinity College, could he have avoided recognition? And does Mr. Boucault imagine that any jury would have convicted him, or that his father could have believed they would convict him, for foolishly, without malicious intent, using a fancy name in a commercial transaction? Technically, it was forgery; practically, it would not hold water for a minute. These things are important for two reasons: First, because they lie at the root of the play, and second, because Mr. Boucault, as we have said, is the teacher, the seer, the high priest of our modern dramatists, and the defects of the master are likely to be gravely exaggerated in the pupils.

Old O'Dowd comes to town. His ruddy hair is banked on either side of a half-bald pate, like hedge-rows in blossom beside a smooth high-road; through his spectacles gleam honesty, hospitality, good nature; from his mouth drop gems of sportive wit. Oh, the blarney of Boucault! Why cannot he impart its secret to others? Sitting at Booth's on Monday night one turned instinctively to look at the Irish faces in the audience. Most of them, it was evident, had long been in America, but, as Boucault spoke, a strange light came into lack-lustre eyes, unwonted laughs twinkled in the corners of mouths grown stern and harsh. Old O'Dowd comes to town. He has come to see his son, who, as Mr. Romsey Leake the money-lender tells him, may be found in the palatial mansion of Lady Rose Lawless. There, indeed, beloved by Lady Rose (*read* Lady Gay Spanker, Lady Alice Hawthorne, or any of our author's earlier women of fashion), courted by aristocratic society, and 'made up' to look like Mr. Parnell, the agitator, sits the false Percy Walsingham. Shaking off the paternal embraces, he leaves The O'Dowd to introduce himself to the company. 'I am Michael O'Dowd,' says the man from Galway, drawing himself up with pride, pride for the son who has ignored him. And then, addressing them in the manner of Marc Antony, appealing to 'my lords, ladies, gentlemen, and duke' (for he has been told they have a duke in their number), he tells them his hopes and affections, and finally, as a reward for his confidence, asks to be shown the duke. They introduce themselves by sham titles and are making sport of the old man when Lady Rose stops them, offers him her carriage, takes his arm, and bids her brother, Bertie Talboys, (who should have needed no bidding), serve as escort to Kitty O'Dowd, the daughter. The scene is in an old French play, 'Le Bonhomme Richard,' but Mr. Boucault improves all he touches. As a picture of manners it is, of course, absurd. English drawing-rooms are, at least, filled with people of good breeding. Admitted with proper credentials nobody could be there insulted. A beggar would be sent down to dinner with a dowager duchess, and if anybody noticed his rags, it would be the footmen.

So far as the plot goes, it henceforth passes exactly over the lines of 'The Porter's Knot.' But there are many new details. Mr. Boucault is anxious to represent scenes of life in Ireland under martial law. Romsey Leake and his man, Chalker, come to 'Suil-a-Mor' to demand payment of the forged bills. The O'Dowd, thinking them friends of his son, welcomes them with a warm hospitality that makes the audience glow with pleasure; the 'boys' of the village, knowing their errand, order them to be gagged, and the Irish spectators thrill as they view the presentation of an Irish 'outrage.' The O'Dowd rescues the men, learns what his son has done, takes on himself the signature of the name, puts his mark to a deed transferring 'Suil-a-Mor' to Mr. Romsey Leake's ownership, and is then seized with a paralytic stroke. This scene is not so effective as the author hoped. Madness, blindness, death, are readily simulated. Paralysis is more complex. Its effect, if naturally portrayed, would be hideous, and nothing that is repulsive can enter into Mr. Boucault's art. Suil-a-Mor, then, is made over to Romsey Leake. The O'Dowd's son goes to Australia. His father and mother fall into extreme poverty. Their townsmen try to avenge them by boycotting Leake and his henchman. It is excellently done, this episode in the fishmarket. Even the children refuse to take alms from the unpopular men of law. And the two old parents learn that their son is dead. Each tries to hide the news from the other. In the 'Porter's Knot,' the father, knowing all, sought to keep it from the mother, and that was more forcible. Then the son comes back. He is not recognized by the O'Dowd, though his likeness to Parnell is as strong as ever. He takes up the truck that his father has been wheeling, brings it to their cottage, and there reveals himself. Suil-a-Mor, we know not how, is restored to the family, and so the play ends. It is not altogether successful. It is like so much that everybody has seen before that the audience rather resent it as old wares disguised under a new name. Nor is it well played. Mr. Henry Lee, an actor who ought to have a future at some such house as Wallack's, bears himself well and with excellent manners; Miss

Pearl Eytinge is a graceful little heroine. Otherwise Mr. Boucicault has to carry the whole performance. He has never had a better opportunity to show the subtleties of his art. He does not work on a large canvas. He paints with infinite detail. He is the Meissonier of the stage.

WE CANNOT say the same of Clara Morris, who has been appearing at the Union Square matinées in a new version of 'Article 47.' She, too, labors with detail, but, having no skill in composition, produces merely a blurred impression. The Cora of Belot's drama should be at least impressive. The author means her to be romantic, passionate, picturesque. He means her to be one of the striking figures in his estimable portrait gallery, to resemble the 'Femme de Feu,' and the siren who was enamored of Mlle. Giraud. M. Belot's ideas of a Creole are probably dim; he views human life from a window of M. Brébant's restaurant; his conceptions are those of the lurid melodramatists and the journalists of the Parisian Boulevard. But what would M. Belot say if he were to see his heroine transformed to a dowdy, silly, under-bred young woman, wholly without the fascination necessary to keep a gambling-den in Paris and attract the butterflies of fashion. We do not refer to Miss Morris' provincialism; one gets used to that. We do not deny her signal ability in parts that do not need what the French call 'distinction.' We refer to her curious want of tact in trying to impersonate Cora, the splendid courtesan, the joy of Parisian gallantry, and in filling out a broadly limed character with needless touches. She picks up pins from the floor, arranges her hair, rummages among her boxes, and does a dozen things which draw attention from the story and from the character. Mr. Alexander Salvini, who plays the hero, is the son of the great Tommaso. He has a fine presence, a bearing almost royal in its grace and ease. He has done an excellent thing to learn English and take his place on our stage. He is a mere lad now and knows nothing of histrionic niceties, but when he has mastered his art he ought to give us a great tragedian, or, at least, a great romantic actor.

MR. N. C. GOODWIN and his wife have been appearing at the Park Theatre in 'The Member for Slocum.' This is an adaptation by Mr. G. R. Sims, author of 'The Lights of London.' The original is a French play called 'Le supplice d'un homme,' which, in turn, is a parody of Girardin's famous drama 'Le supplice d'une femme.' It narrates the adventures of a member of Parliament, who is driven by his mother-in-law to advocate in the House of Commons the cause of woman's rights. He is also in love with somebody else's wife. The meeting of his mother-in-law and this lady's husband forms the one comic scene of the play, which has been wrought over and over again on our boards, and was unworthy of attention even in its original form. Mr. Goodwin we hold to be the best mimic of the time. He has all the requirements of a low comedian, airiness, unflagging spirits, endless dash and vivacity. If he reinforces his natural gifts by careful study, he, too, has the dramatic ball at his feet. Miss Weathersby, his wife, was a belle of London burlesque. The requirements of her art were a sprightly manner, a little voice, and good legs. Miss Weathersby, we believe, has all these qualifications.

Music

Mme. Adelina Patti in Opera.

THE unfavorable reports regarding Madame Patti and her support that were so industriously circulated by the managerial combination, before she availed herself of the kind offices of Mr. Henry Abbey as her business manager, have come home to roost; the so-called opera season at the Germania Theatre is a failure. There has been nothing done that might properly be called opera; the houses have not been good, and Madame Patti has been persistently snubbed by, perhaps, the smallest audiences that she has sung before during her entire career as an artist. That the operas were not likely to be well mounted or sung was to be foreseen from the very nature of the undertaking; it was to be a mere spurt, to be managed as cheaply as possible. It was the jewel that the public was supposed to want, and a setting of brass or pewter would answer as well as one of silver or gold. The public seems to think differently on the subject, and finding that, although there are plenty of empty benches, it cannot have sitting room even in the topmost gallery at less than three dollars, it remains away. The season will end next week; subscribers are to have their money refunded, and Mr. Mapleson remains master of the situation.

Of the three performances which we have to report—'La Traviata,' 'Il Barbiere,' and 'Faust'—we are at a loss to see how there can be anything like real criticism; the support, orchestra, chorus, mounting, etc., are beneath it, Madame Patti herself above it. The remnants of Signor Nicolini's once superb voice have served to carry him creditably through portions of each opera, and in 'Il Barbiere'—in which his music as Almaviva consists mostly of *parlando* recitative—he was really excellent, after the opening serenade, which he

sang atrociously. Signor Nicolini has been a very fine singer in his day, but it is no longer pleasant to hear him attempt a *cantilena*, since to sing a melodic phrase well requires both voice and breath, and Signor Nicolini has neither in a sufficient degree. The remainder of the company have never been good singers and are not likely to shine by contrast even with Signor Nicolini. Of Madame Patti we have but to repeat what the musical world has said of her for the past twenty years: she is an absolutely incomparable artist. This fact the public seems very dimly to realize, and each evening's performance has seen a triumph literally wrested from an audience whose frigid reception of the artist has amounted to little less than marked disrespect. There is, however, one fact that should not be forgotten in this connection: Madame Patti is a perfect artist, and by far the largest part of her audiences are not in the least aware of the exquisite quality of what she does. They are only to be satisfied with *tours de force*, and fail to recognize—or if they do recognize, they do not value it—the marvellous purity of her phrase, or her wonderful management of her voice. An audience composed entirely of musicians would hang upon and treasure as a precious memory every one of those perfect phrases that our public hears with indifference.

As an actress Madame Patti was seen at her best as Rosina in 'Il Barbiere'; she is a born soubrette, and the part of Rosina fits her, both musically and dramatically, as though it had been written expressly to display her best qualities. Nevertheless, both her Violetta and Marguerite were full of fine dramatic quality; indeed, when we consider how dreadfully she was weighted by her surroundings, they seem little short of remarkable. One cannot be at the same time a perfect singer, an admirable *comédienne*, and a great tragic actress; Madame Patti is the first two, and if she lacks the highest intensity of dramatic expression, she has so much with which to make amends, that we are perfectly content with what she is.

The Oratorio Society.—"Israel in Egypt."

THE performance by this society of Handel's 'Israel in Egypt' (Steinway Hall, Feb. 25), was memorable, not only as being the first presentation in this city of one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of choral compositions, but also as being a well nigh perfect rendition of a work of such enormous technical difficulty that even a passable performance of it is generally rated as creditable to any chorus and its conductor. When it is said, then, that this first performance was one that impressed the hearer no less with the dignity and magnitude of the composition than with the faultless manner in which it was rendered, we feel that we are bestowing the highest praise upon all concerned in it—and especially upon the conductor, Dr. Damrosch. The results of the careful manner in which the chorus rehearsals had been conducted were seen in the smoothness and evenness of the choral singing; the broader sustained passages were given with beautiful tone quality, and the most hazardous moments in the more spirited and often extremely involved fugues were freely and easily carried together, and with remarkable accuracy. A well-trained chorus must not only sing correctly, but beautifully; and the Oratorio Society is apparently the first large choral organization in New York that has appreciated this fact.—Any attempt at analysis, or even description, of 'Israel in Egypt' would carry us beyond the limits of the space at our disposal. Suffice it to say, that in the broad conception and treatment of the eight-voiced choruses of which it mostly consists Handel has so far outdone himself, that this oratorio towers gigantically above his other works. That it has sufficient variety of theme and quality was attested by the unflagging interest with which the large audience in Steinway Hall followed a performance which that—even with the omission of several numbers—nearly three hours; the demonstrations of delight and approval at the final chorus were, if possible, even more spontaneous and hearty than those that followed the most successful of the earlier numbers. Of the soloists who participated, the most marked impression was made by Mr. John F. Winch (basso), of Boston, who in the duet 'The Lord is a Man of War,' which he sang with Mr. Remmert, proved himself an admirable artist. The only real blemish in the performance of the oratorio was Mr. Remmert's singing of his part of this duet; it was coarse, inartistic, and extremely unmusical. Miss Henne, whose voice, though not very powerful, is effective, sings with great refinement and excellent taste. Precisely the same terms may also be applied to Mr. Toedt, who rendered the recitatives (which are for tenor only, throughout the entire oratorio) with a simplicity commensurate with the loftiness of the text. Miss Hubbel sang the soprano music satisfactorily in the main, and made amends by her extreme conscientiousness for the shortcoming of her voice and method. Her delivery of the unaccompanied phrase, 'Sing ye to the Lord,' which leads into the final chorus, was broad and impressive. It seems a pity that a work of such great importance, and so admirably rehearsed, should be dismissed for the season with only a single performance; a repetition would surely be extremely interesting to the general public as well as to musical students, and would, we believe, attract a large audience.

The Symphony Society. Fifth Concert.

Of the orchestral numbers that formed the programme of the fifth concert of this society (Steinway Hall, March 4), the precedence in point of excellence of performance must undoubtedly be given to Wagner's Introduction and *Finale* from 'Tristan und Isolde,' which was rendered with great beauty of tone effect, as well as with the most subtle appreciation of its poetic and dramatic values. That much less could be made of Goldmark's 'Sakuntala' overture is largely due to the nature of the composition itself; clever as the work undoubtedly is, both as regards construction and instrumentation, it is certainly over-long, diffuse, and thematically weak. Beethoven's Third Symphony (the 'Eroica') formed the residue of the orchestral programme, and was in a sense undoubtedly a surprise to a large portion of the audience, who, having frequently heard this symphony performed under other conductors, found it not a little difficult to accommodate themselves, on a first hearing, to the *tempi* given to the movements by Dr. Damrosch. The 'Marcia Funebre' was taken so much more rapidly than is customary that it seemed for the first twenty or thirty measures as though it must lose its character and fail utterly to make the impression intended by the composer. This, however, was not the case; and, at the conclusion of what has always seemed to be an over-long movement, the new *tempo* had justified itself. If the movement were shorter than it is—and we think it might well be shorter—we might prefer to have the graver *tempo*; but drawn out, as it is, to an inordinate length, it becomes wearisome when taken too slowly. In the *Scherzo* Dr. Damrosch took a much slower *tempo* than is usual, and in this instance we are not fully prepared to indorse the innovation, although it must be admitted that, while the movement loses somewhat of brilliancy and point, it gains in quality and clearness. The *Finale*—which is unquestionably one of Beethoven's feeblest symphonic numbers—was remarkably well performed.—Miss Lena Little, of New Orleans, who sang an aria of Handel and several songs of Schumann, has a pleasant, somewhat light, but sympathetic, contralto voice, and sings quite nicely, but seems hardly up to the standard of a symphony concert. Her debut may, however, be considered as decidedly successful.

The Strakosch Opera Season.

THE late Gerster season at Booth's Theatre was less noteworthy, perhaps, on account of the prima donna herself, than as introducing two new singers of unusual merit. Mlle. Carolina Zeiss had already been heard in several concerts; and her conception and treatment of the part of 'Azucena' not only confirmed the high anticipations of those who had heard her in the concert hall, but brought to light a dramatic force that is rare indeed on our operatic stage. Mlle. Zeiss is a superb singer, and a first-rate actress. We are glad also to be able to record a genuine success for the other debutant, Mr. George Sweet, who has cultivated his light and rather limited baritone voice with extreme care, and consequently sings delightfully. Although hardly fitted by nature for the more robust baritone rôles, such as 'Di Luna,' in 'Il Trovatore,' Mr. Sweet gained such a success by his artistic methods that we hope he will feel encouraged to persevere in the effort to sing beautifully rather than loudly. The world is full of singers who can make a noise, but there seem to be fewer vocal artists every year. Mme. Gerster seems to have gained some-

what in power without having sacrificed any of the charming quality of her voice. Dramatically, however, she is still ineffective, and was, perhaps, at her worst in the 'Hamlet' of Ambroise Thomas, which was revived for one performance on Feb. 27th. Hopelessly dull as the opera is, it possesses one spark of true quality in the part of Ophelia, which, although weak, gives evidence of a genuinely dramatic instinct. It cannot be said that Mme. Gerster did more with the part than to sing the music delightfully; at the same time, it must be admitted that she was weighted with such a miserably inefficient company, and orchestra, and stage accessories, that it would have been a miracle if she had.

"Claude Duval, or Love and Larceny."

THE new comic opera, 'Claude Duval, or Love and Larceny,' by Messrs. Stephens & Solomon, which was brought out at the Standard Theatre last Monday night, has none of the delicacy of the joint productions of Messrs. Gilbert & Sullivan; but it has what the general public is just as likely to appreciate—i.e., dash and color. There is not one touch of originality in the whole piece. Every air suggests an already familiar one, showing that the composer has drawn largely upon the work of other and better writers. But it is something to steal cleverly, and though Mr. Solomon has not always done this, he has contrived to make a tolerably effective whole. There is some pretty music in the opera, and some that may receive the honor of being whistled in the streets. Of this class, the song, 'William is sure to be right,' is the easiest to catch, and like Mark Twain's horse-car poetry, the hardest to forget.—Mr. Carleton makes an exceedingly picturesque knight of the road and sings his music with good effect. Mr. Riley is sufficiently grotesque as William, but the part is too boisterous for his delicate methods. The libretto is more like a dramatized 'dime novel' than anything else. But it serves to introduce a plenty of bright costumes, beautiful scenery, merry dances, and some tolerably catching songs.

Musical Notes.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has signed an agreement with Mr. Max Strakosch to sing her farewell engagement under his management. The season will continue until the end of May, and Miss Kellogg will probably make her last public appearance in this city.

The fifth concert of the New York Philharmonic Club (Chickering Hall, Tuesday evening, 7th inst.) was the occasion of the first performance of a new septet—a serenade for string quintet, flute and horn—by Dr. F. L. Ritter, for which we are happy to be able to record an instant and pronounced success. Of the five movements of which it consists—all of them rather short—it is difficult to say on a single hearing which has the greater charm; we are inclined, however, to attach the highest value to the third, an *andante* of lovely quality, and the fifth (*finale*) which, after a short *adagio*, introduces a very delicate Mozart-like theme, which is developed in a quaint and fanciful manner.—The soloist of this concert, Mrs. Agnes Morgan, was heard in a concerto of Bach (the one in F-major), Chopin's G-minor Ballade, and one of the 'portraits' from Rubinstein's op. 10, all of which were played neatly, with refined touch and a nice appreciation of their poetic quality. The Haydn variations (the 'Kaizer Franz') were a nice bit of work on the part of the string quartet (Messrs. Arnold, Richter, Gramm, and Werner), and won tumultuous applause.

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